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MOUNT PLEASANT:

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A N

O D E.

WARRINGTON,

PRINTED BY W. EYRES, FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON; AND S. CRANE, LIVERPOOL.

MDCCLXXVII.

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MOUNT PLEASANT:

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

ILLE TERRARUM MIHI PRÆTER OMNES

ANGULUS RIDET ———

HOR.

THE following Poem was written ſome years ago, at a very early period of life, without the leaſt intention of publication. It is not however by way of an apology, that this circumſtance is mentioned; the author being fully convinced, that an excuſe for obtruding a new publication on the world, is always ſuperfluous; a good one being in no need of it, and an indifferent one receiving no addition to its value, from any circumſtance that can be alledged in its favour.

LIVERPOOL,
16th *January* 1777.

MOUNT PLEASANT.*

FREED from the cares that daily throng my breaſt,
Again, beneath my native ſhades I reſt.
Theſe ſhades, where lightly fled my youthful day,
Ere fancy bow'd to reaſon's boaſted ſway.
—Untaught the toils of buſier life to bear,
The fool's impertinence, the proud man's ſneer;
Sick of the world, to theſe retreats I fly,
Devoid of art my early reed to try:

* An agreeable Eminence near Liverpool, which commands the proſpect deſcribed in the following Poem.

To paint the proſpects which around me riſe,
What time the cloudleſs ſun deſcends the ſkies,
Each latent beauty of the landſcape trace,
Fond of the charms that deck my native place.

The ſhades of GRONGAR bloom ſecure of fame;
EDGE-HILL to JAGO owes its laſting name;
When WINDSOR-FOREST's loveliеſt ſcenes decay,
Still ſhall they live in POPE's unrivall'd lay.
Led on by Hope an equal theme I chooſe:
—O might the ſubject boaſt an equal Muſe!
Then ſhould her name the force of time defy,
When ſunk in ruin LIVERPOOL ſhall lie.

How numerous now her thronging buildings riſe!
What varied objects ſtrike the wandering eyes!
Where riſe yon maſts her crowded navies ride,
And the broad rampire checks the beating tide;

Along

Along the beach her ſpacious ſtreets extend,
Her areas open, and her ſpires aſcend;
In loud confuſion mingled ſounds ariſe,
The docks re-echoing with the ſeamen's cries,
The maſſy hammer ſounding from afar,
The bell ſlow-tolling, and the rattling car;
And thundering oft the cannon's horrid roar,
In leſſening echos dies along the ſhore.

There with the genuine glow of COMMERCE fir'd,
Her anxious votaries plod the ſtreets untir'd;
Each calm, ſequeſter'd ſcene of life, deſpiſe,
And all thoſe ſweets the vacant hour ſupplies,
When wearied ſtudy ſlacks her rigid rein,
And ſcarce one loitering thought diſturbs the brain:
—Loſt to thoſe arts the happier few admire,
The Painter's pencil, and the Poet's lyre;

The ſoft emotions gentler boſoms move,
The voice of Friendſhip, and the ſmiles of Love;
To all that ſooths the painful hour of ſtrife;
To all that graces, all that ſweetens life.

Ah! why, ye Sons of Wealth, with ceaſeleſs toil,
Add gold to gold, and ſwell the ſhining pile?
Your general courſe to happineſs ye bend,
Why then to gain the means neglect the end?
To purchaſe peace requires a ſcanty ſtore,—
—O ſpurn the groveling wiſh that pants for more!—
And thirſt not with the ſame unconquer'd rage,
Till nature whitens in the froſt of age;
But rather, on the preſent hour rely,
And catch the happier moments ere they fly;
And whilſt the ſpring of life each bliſs inſpires,
Improve its giſts, and feed the ſocial fires:

Let

Let Friendſhip ſoften, Love her charms diſcloſe,
Peace guard your hours, and ſweeten your repoſe.
Yet not regardleſs how your joys endure,
Let watchful Prudence make thoſe joys ſecure.

Far as the eye can trace the proſpect round,
The ſplendid tracks of opulence are found:
Yet ſcarce an hundred annual rounds have run,
Since firſt the fabric of this power begun;
His noble waves inglorious, MERSEY roll'd,
Nor felt thoſe waves by labouring art controul'd;
Along his ſide a few ſmall cots were ſpread,
His finny brood their humble tenants fed;
At opening dawn with fraudful nets ſupply'd,
The paddling ſkiff would brave his ſpacious tide,
Ply round the ſhores, nor tempt the dangerous main,
But ſeek ere night the friendly port again.

Now

Now o'er the wondering world her name reſounds,
From Northern climes, to INDIA's diſtant bounds.
—Where-e'er his ſhores the broad ATLANTIC laves;
Where-e'er the BALTIC rolls his wintry waves;
Where-e'er the honour'd flood extends his tide,
That claſps SICILIA like a favour'd bride;
Whoſe waves in ages paſt ſo oft have bore
The ſtorm of battle on the Punic ſhore;
Have waſh'd the banks of GREECE's learned bow'rs,
And view'd at diſtance ROME's imperial tow'rs;
In every clime her proſperous fleets are known,
She makes the wealth of every clime her own:
GREENLAND for her its bulky whale reſigns,
And temperate GALLIA rears her generous vines;
'Midſt warm IBERIA citron-orchards blow,
And the ripe fruitage bends the labouring bough:
The OCCIDENT a richer tribute yields,
Far different produce ſwells their cultur'd fields;

Hence

Hence the ſtrong cordial that inflames the brain,
The honey'd ſweetneſs of the juicy cane,
The vegetative fleece, the azure dye,
And every product of a warmer ſky.

There AFRIC's ſwarthy ſons their toils repeat,
Beneath the fervors of the noon-tide heat;
Torn from each joy that crown'd their native ſoil,
No ſweet reflections mitigate their toil;
From morn, to eve, by rigorous hands oppreſt,
Dull fly their hours, of every hope unbleſt.
Till broke with labour, helpleſs, and forlorn,
From their weak graſp the lingering morſel torn;
The reed-built hovel's friendly ſhade deny'd;
The jeſt of folly, and the ſcorn of pride;
Drooping beneath meridian ſuns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend th' imploring eye;

Till Death, in kindneſs, from the tortur'd breaſt
Calls the free ſpirit to the realms of reſt.

Shame to Mankind! But ſhame to BRITONS moſt,
Who all the ſweets of Liberty can boaſt;
Yet, deaf to every human claim, deny
That bliſs to others, which themſelves enjoy:
Life's bitter draught with harſher bitter fill;
Blaſt every joy, and add to every ill;
The trembling limbs with galling iron bind,
Nor looſe the heavier bondage of the mind.

Yet whence theſe horrors? this inhuman rage,
That brands with blackeſt infamy the age?
Is it, our varied intereſts diſagree,
And BRITAIN ſinks if AFRIC's ſons be free?
—No—Hence a few ſuperfluous ſtores we claim,
That tempt our avarice, but increaſe our ſhame;

The

The ſickly palate touch with more delight,
Or ſwell the ſenſeleſs riot of the night.—
—Bleſt were the days ere Foreign Climes were known,
Our wants contracted, and our wealth our own;
When Health could crown, and Innocence endear,
The temperate meal, that coſt no eye a tear:
Our drink, the beverage of the chryſtal flood,
—Not madly purchas'd by a brother's blood—
Ere the wide ſpreading ills of Trade began,
Or Luxury trampled on the rights of Man.

When COMMERCE, yet an infant, rais'd her head,
'Twas mutual want her growing empire ſpread:
Thoſe mutual wants a diſtant realm ſupply'd,
And like advantage every clime enjoy'd.
Diſtruſtleſs then of every treacherous view,
An open welcome met the ſtranger crew;

And whilſt the whitening fleet approach'd to land,
The wondering natives hail'd them from the ſtrand;
Fearleſs to meet, amidſt the flow of ſoul,
The lurking dagger, or the poiſon'd bowl.

Now, more deſtructive than a blighting ſtorm,
A bloated monſter, Commerce rears her form;
Throws the meek olive from her daring hand,
Graſps the red ſword, and whirls the flaming brand:
True to no faith; by no reſtraints controul'd;
By guilt made cautious, and by avarice bold.
Each feature reddens with the tinge of ſhame,
Whilſt PATNA's plain, and BUXAR's fields I name;
How droops BENGAL beneath Oppreſſion's reign!
How groans ORISSA with the weight of ſlain!
To glut her rage, what thouſands there have bled,
What thrones are vacant, and what princes dead!

In

In vain may War's relenting fury ſpare,
Attendant Famine follows in the rear,
And the poor natives but ſurvive to know
The lingering horrors of ſeverer woe.
—Can this be ſhe, who promis'd once to bind
In leagues of ſtricteſt amity, mankind?
This fiend, whoſe breath inflames the ſpark of ſtrife,
And pays with trivial toys the price of life?

As ſome induſtrious man, whoſe prudent mind
To buſineſs is in earlier years inclin'd,
With ceaſeleſs ſteps, the road of wealth purſues,
Bounds there his wiſh, and centers all his views;
Till ſatiate with ſucceſs, he quits the chace,
And ſighs for happier hours of reſt and peace;
Feels avarice in his ſoftening breaſt decay,
And nobler paſſions in their turns bear ſway;

Feels

Feels genuine taſte, by weeds obſcur'd too long,
Spring in the mind, and boaſt a bloom more ſtrong.
So roſe the pride of MERSEY's ſpacious ſtream,
Repoſe her ſcorn, and riches all her aim:
Till grown at length by long attention great,
The ARTS have choſen here their bleſt retreat.

At their approach, ſee Gothic taſte retire!
And true proportion raiſe the graceful ſpire,
Mould the proud column, ſwell the ſpacious dome,
To GRECIA's genius give the ſtrength of ROME!
The marble, ſee! with mimic nature warm,
Spring into life, and beam with every charm:
O'er the ſmooth canvas, mingling colours flow,
The features open, and the landſcape glow.
Reviving Science opes her latent mines,
The judgment ripens, and the thought refines.

And

And here ***** with genius all his own,
New tracks explores, and arts before unknown.
—O form'd in every varied ſcene to pleaſe!
With manly ſenſe endued, and native eaſe;
With eloquence to ſtill the liſtening throng,
Fix every eye, and ſilence every tongue;
Save, when attention overflows its bound,
And the ſtill murmur of applauſe goes round!

The Muses too, their kindling influence bring,
Wake the ſweet lute, and ſtrike the ſounding ſtring;
And whilſt they rove on Mersey's favour'd ſide,
Smooth rolls the ſtream, and prouder ſwells the tide.
'Tis theirs, the chains of avarice to unbind,
Pour ſofter manners on th' attentive mind;
To bid the boſom gentler paſſions prove;
The friends of Virtue, and the friends of Love.

—Here

—Here ſafely planted, deep they ſtrike the root,
And generous Candour guards the infant ſhoot.
To tempt their ſtay, and win their laſting ſmile,
The Friends of Genius rais'd yon ſpacious Pile: *
There, whilſt cold precepts ineffectual prove,
The great example never fails to move.
As differing feelings different ſcenes ſupply,
We droop in anguiſh, or we ſwell with joy:
Now ſooth'd to love, we own the ſoftening flame;
Now pow'rful horrors ruſh thro' all our frame;
The ſtrong deluſions lead the ſtruggling will,
The nerveleſs captive of the Poet's ſkill.

If frowning Satire opens all her rage,
And drags the proſperous villain on the ſtage;
Or if with nicer ſkill, ſhe aims the dart,
To wound the ſmaller foibles of the heart,

* The Theatre Royal, erected by Subſcription.

Bids

Bids Self-applauſe her favourite mirror quit,
And wakes in Virtue's cauſe the powers of Wit:
If on the ſtage the Comic Muſe be ſeen,
With broader ſmile, and more neglected mien;
Thro' every part, ſome uſeful leſſons ſhine,
Some latent moral lies in every line;
The varied ſcenes to one great purpoſe tend,
"To raiſe the Genius, and the heart to mend."

Sweep the light ſtrings, and louder ſwell the Lyre!
Far nobler Themes a nobler ſong require.—
The Heav'n born Virtues come,—a lovely train;
They prompt the verſe,—be theirs the votive ſtrain.
—Not thoſe that ſeek in lonely ſhades to dwell,
The ſelfiſh inmates of the hermit's cell;
Like his pale lamp, a partial light ſupply,
Unbleſt to live, and unregarded die;

But thoſe deſign'd to ſooth the labouring breaſt,
Protect the weak, and give the weary reſt;
Aſſuage the rigors of corporeal pain;
Supply the poor, and looſe the priſoner's chain:
And like the radiance of the ſolar ray,
On all around to pour impartial day.

—Known by the watry luſtre of her eye,
Her ſorrowing ſmile, and ſympathizing ſigh;
See! tender PITY comes;—at her controul,
Drops the big tear, and melts the ſtubborn ſoul;
So the rude rock by power divine impell'd,
Guſh'd forth in ſtreams, and cheer'd the thirſty field.
—Next CHARITY,—by no proud pageants known,
Nor crown, nor ſweeping train, nor azure zone.
—If chance remembrance wakes the generous deed,
No pride elates her, and ſhe claims no meed;

And

And timorous ever of the vulgar gaze,
She loves the action, but diſclaims the praiſe.
—Yet not of Virtue's open cauſe afraid,
Where public bleſſings aſk her public aid,
She ſhines ſuperior to the wretch's ſneer,
And bold in conſcious honour, knows no fear.
Hence roſe yon pile, where ſickneſs finds relief,
Where lenient care allays the weight of grief; *
—Yon ſpacious roof, where huſh'd in calm repoſe,
The drooping widow half forgets her woes: †
—Yon calm retreat, where ſcreen'd from every ill,
The helpleſs orphan's throbbing heart lies ſtill; ‡
And finds delighted, in the peaceful dome,
A better parent, and a happier home.

* The public Infirmary.

† The Alms-Houſes adjoining the Infirmary.

‡ The Blue-Coat Hoſpital.

Far to the right, where Merſey duteous pours
To the broad main his tributary ſtores;
Ting'd with the radiance of the golden beam,
Sparkle the quivering waves: and midſt the gleam
In different hues, as ſweeps the changeful ray,
Pacific fleets their guiltleſs pomp diſplay:
Fair to the ſight, they ſpread the floating ſail,
Catch the light breeze, and ſkim before the gale;
Till leſſening gradual on the ſtretching view,
Obſcure they mingle in the diſtant blue;
Where in ſoft tints the ſky with ocean blends,
And on the weaken'd ſight, the long, long proſpect ends.

Where wild Tornados ſweep along the ſky,
And o'er the climate gleamy lightenings fly;
Where poiſonous groves exhale their noxious breath,
And creſted ſerpents ſwell with ſecret death;

Or

Or where bleak hills perpetual ſnow ſuſtain,
And the faint ſun ſcarce liquidates the main ;
For theſe dread climes their native ſhores they leave,
And dare the ſecret rock, and maddening wave.
—Thoſe native ſhores, their eyes no more may view,
If big with horror angry fate purſue ;
Tho' now in grim repoſe the tempeſts ſleep,
Soon may they howl along the ſhivering deep ;
Daſh the proud veſſel o'er the blackened brine,
Cruſh the ſtrong maſt, and break the friendly line :
Till on the beach an hapleſs wreck ſhe lies,
And human ſavages ſecure the prize :
Stab the faint wretch, if any ſuch remain,
Explore the bark, and ſhare the glittering gain.

But ſhou'd kind Heaven her courſe in ſafety keep,
Calm the ſtrong gale, and ſtill the boiling deep,

Then

Then midſt the friendly port with joyful pride,
Laden with weſtern riches ſhall ſhe ride;
And COMMERCE ſmiling on the buſy ſtrand,
Shall fondly hail her favourite ſons to land.

Yet lovelier ſcenes the varied proſpect cheer,
Where CESTRIA's plains in long extent appear,
There ſhine the yellow fields with corn o'erſpread;
There lifts BRITANNIA's oak its tow'ring head:
Swells the brown hill, the ſloping vales retire,
And o'er the woodland peeps the rural ſpire;
Above the reſt the CAMBRIAN mountains riſe,
Cloſe the long view, and mingle with the ſkies.

Can GALLIA's vine-crown'd hills with theſe compare?
Tho' there the peaſant breathes a milder air;
Or can IBERIA's loveliеſt landſcapes ſhow,
So rich a proſpect, or ſo bright a glow?

There

There ſuns all ſultry parch the cracking ſoil,
The hardening meadow mocks the peaſant's toil;
The ſpirits droop beneath the noon-tide blaze,
And all the roſeate bloom of health decays:
But here ſhe loves her choiceſt gifts to pour,
Breathes in each gale, and melts in every ſhow'r;
Sheds joy, and gladneſs, o'er the temperate plain,
And crowns the cottage of the labouring ſwain:
Midſt the throng'd vale, as ſhe imparts her ſmile,
Care ſmooths her front, and labour ſcorns his toil;
And love, his dewy locks with roſes bound,
Trips o'er the lawn, and meditates the wound.

At diſtance far from frowns tyrannic fled,
Here ſacred FREEDOM rears her awful head;
Queen of each liberal art! O may thy ſmile
Still bleſs Britannia's ever grateful Iſle!

—Soon

—Soon ſhall proud Greece her envied name reſign,
And future poets, patriots, heroes ſhine;
Then ſhall the Muſe expand a ſtronger wing,
And other MILTONS ſtrike the ſounding ſtring;
To future ages give the warrior's name,
Whoſe breaſt expanſive own'd thy generous flame,
Who at thy ſacred ſhrine reſign'd his breath,
And ſternly graſp'd thy lovely form in death.

Far on the view—at ſoften'd diſtance ſeen,
Whilſt rolls the ſtream its copious waves between,
There—long deſerted by the ſable band,
A lonely abbey glooms upon the ſtrand: *
When once the towering arch, in Gothic ſtate
Roſe high; and frown'd recluſe the iron grate:

* The Abbey or Priory of Birkenhead, or Birkett; built on the oppoſite Shore of the River Merſey, in the Reign of Henry II.

But

But ſhook by time, the lofty columns fall,
The wide roof drops, and ſinks the mouldering wall;
The hollow gale thro' every cavern flies,
And the dull owl repeats her midnight cries.

Here Superſtition once aſſum'd her reign;
Religion ſicken'd in her weighty chain:
And all obſcur'd beneath the dreary gloom,
The ſocial Graces loſt their lovely bloom.
—No caſual Virtue mark'd the paſſing day,
Whilſt ſlept the Monks the circling years away;
Dead to thoſe nobler paſſions, whence proceed
The liberal ſentiment, and generous deed,
That prompt to general good the ſelfiſh mind,
And wake the ardent wiſh to bleſs mankind:
The ills of life no longer claim'd a care,
But every Virtue center'd in—a Prayer.

So ſtands ſome lake amidſt the ſheltering vale,
Its waves unruffled by the riſing gale ;
On the green ſurge are poiſonous inſects found,
And putrid vapours ſpread black miſts around ;
Whilſt the clear rill, gives ſweetneſs as it flows,
To every flower that on its margin grows.

Ah ! brand them not in one promiſcuous throng,
(Thus candor wou'd reſtrain the rigid ſong,)
For ſome perhaps, amidſt the numerous crew,
A nobler motive to the manſion drew :
—Long travell'd thro' the thorny paths of life,
Long labouring to maintain th' unequal ſtrife,
To miſery lent the little fortune gave,
The ſtorm approaching, and no friend to ſave ;
Or from each fond connection early torn,
Abandon'd, hopeleſs, deſtitute, forlorn ;

To every thought of earthly pleaſure dead,
Some Sorrower, here might reſt his weary head;
And oft as kindred woes approach'd his ear,
Beſtow the ſecret tribute of a tear:
Or from theſe varying ſcenes avert his eyes,
Scorn every tranſient ill, and gain the ſkies;
Till o'er his path, hope beam'd her brighteſt ray,
And peace celeſtial ſtrew'd with flowers the way.

Now ſober evening, wet with pearly dews,
Slow o'er the mead, the lingering gleam purſues;
A pleaſing ſtillneſs thro' the air extends,
Save when the murmur from the Town aſcends;
Or when at intervals, the red breaſt's throat
Pours the clear warblings of his cloſing note,
Which floating penſive, on the breathing wind,
Leave ſoft impreſſions on the vacant mind.

O ſtill, at evening's milder hour, be mine,
To trace with raptur'd eye the dear decline!
Catch the pure gale as from the main it ſprings,
Salubrious freſhneſs dropping from its wings;
—Then, cares forgot, and ſorrow ſooth'd to reſt,
Each ruder paſſion baniſh'd from the breaſt,
Mild as the hour, and cloudleſs as the ſkies,
The mind on ſtronger pinions loves to riſe;
And looſen'd from the dull reſtraints of day,
Expanſive gives the ſprings of thought to play:
Bold, active, vigorous, thro' th' enfranchis'd ſoul,
The nobler train of fair ideas roll;
The ardent glow, that wakes at friendſhip's name:
The thirſt of ſcience, and the patriot flame;
The generous fear, that wounds the youthful breaſt,
To live inglorious, and to die unbleſt;
A liberal ſcorn of every low deſire,
Of all that knaves purſue, and fools admire;

Of

Of fortune's ſtores, of ſplendor's ſickly blaze,
Precarious bliſs, and unſubſtantial praiſe.

Now wrapt beneath the deepening gloom of night,
Fades the gay proſpect on the glimmering ſight :—
—Thus in the round of time's uncheck'd career,
Day follows day, and year ſucceeds to year ;
And changeful ever, as the circle flies,
As empires fall, ſucceſſive empires riſe.
What now remains of TYRE's imperial pride ?
Where float the fleets that crown'd her conſtant tide,
That 'midſt her echoing ports their ſails unfurl'd,
Brav'd the wide ſeas, and ſearch'd each diſtant world ?
—Not her broad baſe of glory, cou'd withſtand,
The conquering force of time's deſtructive hand.

And tho' on fortune's ſwelling tide borne high,
No dangers threaten, and no fears annoy ;

The

The time may come,—(O diſtant be the year)
When deſolation ſpreads her empire here.
When Trade's uncertain triumph ſhall be o'er,
And the wave roll neglected on the ſhore;
Returning verdure cloathe the pathleſs plain,
And not one trace of former pride remain.
—Yet even then, when all her ſplendor fled,
This mart of nations ſhall decline her head,
When dark oblivion veils this faint eſſay,
(The ſhort-liv'd offspring of a vernal day)
Her name, in time's perennial liſts enroll'd,
Shall rank with thoſe which Commerce lov'd of old;
And teach mankind, how vain the pride, that ſprings
From the ſhort glory of terreſtrial things.

ODE

O D E

ON THE

INSTITUTION

OF A

S O C I E T Y

IN

L I V E R P O O L,

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF

DESIGNING, DRAWING, PAINTING, &c.

Read before the SOCIETY, DECEMBER 17th 1773.

Quel préſage pour Polhimnie !
La gloire des dieux du pinceau,
A la reine de l'harmonie
Annonce un triomphe nouveau.
—Par des reciproques ſecours
Augmentant leur clarté féconde
Les aſtres éclairent le monde
Sans ſe combattre dans leur cours.

GRESSET.

A FEW Copies of the following Ode, were printed in the year 1774; *and diſtributed by the author amongſt his friends. By ſome accident it came under the cognizance of the Monthly Review, (for Dec.* 1774) *and the indulgence there ſhewn it, has encouraged the author to annex it to the foregoing Poem. The Society, on whoſe inſtitution it was written, was not of long continuance; its ſudden decay being principally occaſioned by the loſs of a very ingenious, and ſpirited member, now reſident in Germany. The author is not without hopes, that a Society of a ſimilar nature will be one day eſtabliſhed in Liverpool: but however that may be, he is happy in the reflection, that in this, as well as in the preceding Poem, he has attempted to promote "the arts he loves," and to abate that ſpirit of enterprize, and thirſt of gain, which when too much indulged, is ſeldom productive either of virtue or happineſs.*

O D E, &c.

FROM climes where Slavery's iron chain
Has bound to earth the ſoaring mind,
Where GRECIA mourns her blaſted plain
To want and indolence reſign'd;
From fair ITALIA's once lov'd ſhore,
(The land of Freedom now no more)
Diſdainful of each former ſeat,
The ARTS, a lovely train, retreat:
Still proſpering under FREEDOM's eye,
With her they bloom, with her they fly;

And when the Pow'r transferr'd her ſmile
To ALBION's ever grateful iſle,
The lovely Fugitives forgot to roam,
But rais'd their altars here, and fix'd their happier home.

Swift fly the hovering ſhades of Night,
When burſts the orient dawn of Day;
As ſwift before their mental light
The clouds of Ignorance decay.
Firſt came the MUSE—her great deſign
Each dull ſenſation to refine;
To plant in every rugged breaſt
The ſeeds of GENIUS and of TASTE;
To bid the heart expand with woe,
Or with the great example glow,
Or ſmile along the ſportive page,
Or ſhrink at Satire's pointed rage;

Thro'

Thro' Fancy's realms the wondering mind to bear,
And for her ſiſter Arts an eaſier path prepare.

Of power to ſtill the raging deep,
To damp the gay, to warm the cold,
To bid the ſteel-ribb'd warrior weep,
And make the trembling daſtard bold,
To free the ſlave, the wild to tame,
QUEEN of the SPHERES, next MUSIC came:—
Her ſtrains can every care controul,
And waft to heav'n the liſt'ning ſoul;
Can every ſoft affection move,
And tune the amorous pulſe to love:
Now chaſte and rapturous joys inſpire,
Pure as the veſtal's ſacred fire;
Now loud and dreadful ſwell the ſtrong alarms,
Foment the thirſt of blood, the glorious rage of arms.

Next came the POWER, in whom conjoin'd
Their differing excellence is ſhewn;
Yet ſweetly blended, and combin'd
With charms peculiarly her own.
Beneath the great Creator's eye,
'Twas ſhe with azure ſpread the ſky;
And when Creation firſt had birth,
In happieſt hues array'd the earth:
Still varying in each varied ſcene,
Bedeck'd the ſmiling meads with green,
Bluſh'd in the flower, and ting'd the fruit,
More lovely ſtill as more minute;
O'er every part the veil of beauty caſt,
In heav'nly colours bright, thro' numerous years to laſt.

Hers is the glowing bold deſign,
The juſt and leſſening perſpective,

The

The beauties of the waving line,
And all the pencil's power can give.
'Tis true—the BARD's harmonious tongue
May draw the landſcape bright and ſtrong;
Deſcribe the dreadful ſcenes of war,
The creſted helm, the rattling car;
The generous thirſt of praiſe inſpire,
And kindle virtue's ſacred fire:
Yet ſtill may PAINTING's glowing hand
An equal ſhare of praiſe command;
In every province claim her mingled part,
The wondering ſenſe to charm, or moralize the heart.

Majeſtic, nervous, bold, and ſtrong,
Let ANGELO with MILTON vie;
Oppos'd to WALLER's amorous ſong,
His art let wanton TITIAN try;

Let

Let great ROMANO's free deſign,
Contend with DRYDEN's pompous line;
And chaſte CORREGGIO's graceful air,
With POPE's unblemiſh'd page compare;
LORAINE may rival THOMSON's name;
And HOGARTH's equal BUTLER's fame:
For ſtill where-e'er th' aſpiring Muſe
Her wide, unbounded flight purſues,
Her Siſter ſoars on kindred wings ſublime,
And gives her favourite names to grace the rolls of time.

When juſt degrees of ſhade and light
Contend in ſweeteſt harmony,
Then burſts upon the raptur'd ſight
The ſilent MUSIC of the eye.
Bold, as the Baſe's deeper ſound,
We trace the well imagin'd ground;

Next in the varying ſcenes behind,
The ſweet melodious Tenor find;
And as the ſoft'ning notes decay,
The diſtant proſpect fades away:
Their aid if mingling colours give,
To bid the mimic landſcape live;
The viſual concert breaks upon the eyes,
With every different charm which Muſic's hand ſupplies.

If, torn from all we hold moſt dear,
The tedious moments ſlowly roll,
Can Music's tendereſt accents cheer
The ſilent grief that melts the ſoul?
Or can the Poet's boaſted art
The healing balm of peace impart?
—Ah, no!—'Tis only Painting's pow'r
Can ſooth the ſad, the painful hour;

Can bring the much lov'd form to view,
In features exquiſitely true;
The ſparkling eye, the blooming face,
The ſhape adorn'd with every grace,
To Nature's ſelf ſcarce yield the doubtful ſtrife,
Swell from the deep'ning ſhade, and aſk the gift of life.

By ſlow degrees, the Muſe's ſkill
A juſt conception muſt impart;
Bend by degrees the ſtubborn will;
Touch by degrees the harden'd heart:
To aid the taſk whilſt Memory joins,
And every wand'ring thought combines;
Collecting then the beauteous whole,
She gives th' idea to the ſoul:
But when with happieſt nature warm,
The Artiſt ſpreads his pictur'd charm,

At once we feel th' accompliſh'd thought,
At once the great effect is wrought:
Nor only to the judging few confin'd,
It ſtrikes each artleſs eye, and ſpeaks to every mind.

In all the force of language dreſt,
But faintly moves the feeble ſtrain;
But to the faithful ſight expreſt,
The ſtory thrills thro' every vein.
Friend of the Arts, when CÆSAR bled,
Soon as the murd'rous tidings ſpread,
Each Roman heav'd a ſigh ſincere,
Each hardy veteran dropp'd a tear:
But when to public view confeſt,
High wav'd the hero's blood-ſtain'd veſt,
A generous phrenſy ſeiz'd the throng,
Revenge was heard from every tongue;

Thence

Thence every nervous arm freſh vigour drew,
Bright gleam'd the vengeful ſteel, and dreadful firebrands flew.

O QUEEN of heaven's unnumber'd dyes!
Whoſe ſkill with various pow'r replete,
Can bid the ſwift ideas riſe,
Of tender, beauteous, ſtrong, and great!
For thee in mutual bands we join;—
Nor thou the fond attempt decline;
But to our longing ſight diſplay
Some ſparks of thy celeſtial ray:
And if beneath a rough diſguiſe
The latent gem of Genius lies,
Do thou impart thy friendly aid,
Thy lovelieſt poliſh o'er it ſpread;
So ſhall its beams, with genuine luſtre bright,
Pour radiance on thine head, who call'd it firſt to light.

And

And ye, with wealth profuſely bleſt,
The ſubſtitutes of Pow'r ſupreme,
To cheer the heart by grief depreſt,
And cheriſh Virtue's ſacred flame;
To us your generous cares extend;
The ſuppliant train of Arts befriend:
Nor think, to Miſery's claims unjuſt,
You miſapply your ſacred truſt;
Or, whilſt you bid the Genius riſe,
Your noble taſk neglected lies:
For ſtill the breaſt where GENIUS glows,
A ſenſe of MORAL BEAUTY knows;
Endu'd with gifts above the crowd to ſhine,
The judge of Nature's works, and Virtue's charms divine.

THE END.

POEMS,

LYRICAL

AND

MISCELLANEOUS.

BY THE LATE

REV. HENRY MOORE,

OF LISKEARD.

London:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;

By J. Crowder and E. Hemsted, Warwick-Square.

1803.

PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR.

OF the Author of the subsequent Poems, whose lot it was, with genius, learning, and morals, to pass a life of almost total obscurity, few biographical memorials could be expected. Such as have been obtained, together with some account of the circumstances attending the present publication, will, doubtless, be acceptable to the reader.

HENRY MOORE was born on March 30, 1732, at Plymouth, where his father, a man of extensive learning and merit, was minister to a congregation of Dissenters. His mother was the daughter of William Bellew, Esq. of Stockleigh-court, in the same county. He received his grammar-education under Mr. Bedford, afterwards vicar of Charles-parish, in Plymouth. The conversation and instruction of his father could not fail to contribute farther to his early improvement. In the year 1749 he was entered at the academy of Dr. Doddridge at Northampton; and he was a member of it at the time of that eminent tutor's decease. On this occasion, Mr. Moore paid a tribute of respect and veneration in a poem to his memory, to the publication of which he gave his consent, but not to the many alterations which were made without his knowledge, and with which he was much displeased. The poem was dedicated to Mrs. Doddridge, and was justly admired as a production of elegant fancy and warm affection. He finished his academical course under Dr. Ashworth; and in 1755 or 1756, was elected minister to a dissenting congregation at Dulverton in Somersetshire. In 1757 he removed to a similar situation at Modbury in Devonshire; where he continued till his

final removal to Liskeard in Cornwall, which took place about the year 1787. In these long periods of life he appears to have been almost totally lost from the notice of the world; recollected, perhaps, by some of his fellow-students as a youth of promise; known by a few brother-ministers as a man of learning and critical talents; but probably scarcely recognised by two or three individuals for the splendid and cultivated genius, capable of shining in the highest ranks of literature, had fortune produced him upon a theatre suited to his powers.

How he appeared in the latter portion of this narrow course, to an intimate friend who was able properly to estimate him, will best be shewn in that friend's own words. "He was probably led to adopt his "retired and obscure mode of life, partly from the weakness of his "constitution, the original infirmity of which was distressingly increased "by his studious and sedentary habits; partly from the singular modesty "and diffidence of his disposition. Notwithstanding, however, he thus "voluntarily withdrew from general society, when in company with any "one with whom he felt himself at ease, his conversation was most "agreeable and entertaining, enlivened with sprightly sallies and sea-"sonable anecdotes. Although there was so little in his situation that "seemed calculated to produce contentment and thankfulness, and "although he had long suffered under painful and complicated bodily "complaints, yet he was perfectly free from any disposition to repine. "I never heard him utter a querulous expression. The composure and "resignation of his mind seemed always undisturbed. His manners were "singularly mild and gentle. He appeared utterly unconscious of pos-"sessing any extraordinary powers: indeed, his behaviour indicated a "greater degree of humility and distrust than I almost ever witnessed." I shall add, that both the trials he underwent, and the sources of his consolation, are strongly marked in his poems; in perusing which, we cannot but feel, that though he suffered much, he was *nobly supported.*

He so far overcame his diffidence, as to become a considerable contributor to the two volumes of "Commentaries and Essays," published by

the Society for promoting the Knowledge of the Scriptures. In these, the different papers entitled, "Critical Notes on many passages of the Old "Testament; some Observations on the Song of Moses; on the Greek "Version of Deut. xxxii. 43; and on the two first chapters of St. Mat-"thew, and the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans;" all marked with the initials H. M. are by his hand. These pieces obtained for the author the character of a very learned, ingenious, and useful critic, from such judges as the late Dr. Geddes, and Michael Dodson, Esq.

Mr. Moore was the author of an anonymous letter, in which the doctrines of Mr. Madan's Thelypthora are attacked with much humour and vivacity.

At the solicitation of his nephew, who was a very intelligent surgeon at Plymouth, he printed, in 1795, a short poem entitled, "Private Life, "a Moral Rhapsody." This, though a performance of much poetical and sentimental beauty, yet appearing from a country press, and with no advantages of publication, seems to have attracted little notice. Its merit, however, did not pass unobserved by one of the periodical critics.

During the last summer, Mr. Moore put into the hands of the friend above referred to, a volume of MS. poems, which, with singular modesty, he requested him to shew to some person sufficiently conversant with productions of the kind, to judge of their fitness for the public eye. I was applied to on the occasion; and I trust the readers of these pieces will be convinced that I could not hesitate in giving a decided opinion in their favour. In reality, I scarcely ever experienced a greater and more agreeable surprize, than on the discovery of so rich a mine of poetry, where I had not the least intimation of its existence. That the author should have passed seventy years of life almost totally unknown, was a circumstance that excited the interest of all to whom the poems were communicated; and we were impatient that, however late, he should enjoy those rewards of merit which had so long been withheld. In the

mean time he was attacked with a severe stroke of the palsy, which, while it left his intellects free, incapacitated him for every exertion. There was now no time to be lost. My offer of taking upon myself the whole care of the editorship was thankfully accepted; and a subscription was set on foot, which met with the warm support of many, who were desirous that all possible comfort should be supplied to cheer the helpless decline of such a man. But the progress of debility anticipated these well-intended efforts. He sunk tranquilly under his disease on Nov. 2, 1802, having, however, lived to enjoy some satisfaction from the knowledge that there were persons whom he had never seen, who could regard him with cordial esteem and friendship. As he lived in celibacy, and had no dependent relatives, no other object remained for a subscription than that of bringing forward his posthumous work in an advantageous manner, secure both from loss and neglect. It is now committed to a liberal and discerning public, in the confidence that the Author will obtain no mean place among those who have contributed to elevate the minds, purify the morals, and gratify the noblest tastes of their countrymen.

Stoke Newington,
Jan. 1, 1803.

J. AIKIN.

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POEMS,

LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A VERNAL ODE.

ON his car of light on high
Flaming down the gladden'd ſky,
Which the new-born Zephyrs bear
Thro' the azure waſte of air,
Dropping verdure, dropping joy,
As they wave the dewy wing,
Moves on, the ſmiling majeſty of Spring.
His floating robe each ſplendid charm diſplays
Of colour, varied in a thouſand ways;
Gay dance behind the Graces wreath'd with flowers,
Young Loves, and blooming Hopes, and bright-ey'd Hours;
The hills and vales their green array renew,
And all Elizium riſes to the view;
O'er ev'ry mead the breath of fragrance flows;
O'er ev'ry grove the bluſh of beauty glows.

Maya's roſy fingers now
Cull the faireſt flowers that blow,
And ev'ry balmy ſweet combine
To form the wreath divine,
And conſecrate the gift at Nature's ſacred ſhrine.
The mighty Mother, bending from her throne,
Receives the fragrant boon,
And bids it her refulgent brows infold,
And breathe perfume around her locks of gold.

Hence, Sadneſs then, with ſullen brow,
And gloomy thoughts, that feed on woe!
Hence Diſcontent's corroded breaſt,
With all Heav'n's bleſſings ſtill unbleſt!
While hill, and dale, and ſtream ſupply,
Whate'er can charm the ear, or eye,
Scenes where enthuſiaſt Fancy ſtrays,
Loſt in wild Rapture's magic maze,
Indulge the genial hour, and taſte
The thouſand ſweets of Nature's feaſt.
Let Cheerfulneſs with golden ray
Beam ev'ry cloud of care away;
Let warm Benevolence expand the mind,
And Nature's kindneſs teach us to be kind.

The Fairy-tribes, as village legends ſay,
From ſilent haunts of dale, and hill,
And pebbled fount, and ruſh-clad rill,
And tangled copſe, and foreſt hoar,
Where Winter winds have ceas'd to roar,
Now hold their yearly holy-day.

Featly o'er the hallow'd ground
On the nimble toe they bound,
Ever in a magic round,
With rites and honours due to celebrate the May.
Corydon will ſhew the place,
And their tiny footſteps trace,
Where the graſſy circle's ſeen,
Springing with a freſher green.

There in the ſecret ſhadowy glade,
When from yon mountain's azure head
The ling'ring gleams of parting day
Glimmer, faint, and fade away.
Sweet Philomel! thou bid'ſt to flow
Thy muſical, thy melting woe.
Suſpended o'er the ſparkling ſtream,
Where plays the pale Moon's ever-trembling beam,
Attention ſtands with mute ſurpriſe,
With folded arms, and half-clos'd eyes,
And liſtens into ecſtacies.
The ſylvan Genius ſeems to guard the ground,
And all is ſoft enchantment round.

Huſh'd is the hollow gale,
That lately whiſtled thro' the ruſtling woods;
The ſhrill wild warblings dying down the dale,
With the rude murmur mix'd of falling floods,
At that ſtill ſolemn hour
Seize on the ſenſe, and with myſterious pow'r
Of artleſs plaintive modulation, lull
In ſweet and ſilent raviſhment the Soul.

Charm'd are the paſſions, harmoniz'd the mind,
Calm as the glaſſy ſeas, while ſleeps the wind.
O'er-wearied Labour feels no more his toils:
Dew-ey'd Sorrow, rous'd to hear,
Wipes away the ſtarting tear:
Woe-worn Melancholy ſmiles,
And grim Deſpair, that beat her madding breaſt,
Forgets awhile that ſhe was e'er unbleſt.

But when of dawn the roſy dyes
Brighten o'er the bluſhing ſkies,
And the gray clouds their robes unfold,
Streak'd with purple, edg'd with gold,
And their blended colours throw
On the glitt'ring lake below,
See! Health, the blooming village-Maid,
Her cheek in native red array'd,
Her treſſes gracefully untied,
Which ſhame the artful hand of Pride,
Sprightly o'er the ſpangled lawn
Comes tripping like the nimble fawn!
Then at her work, the ſtreams along,
Rudely trills the rural ſong!
Content, that lightens ev'ry care,
Sits ſmiling in her chearful eye;
While Luxury with languid air
Leans on pale Envy pining by.

See Earth her Maker's milder image wear,
Profuſely good, and exquiſitely fair,

Spontaneous Graces catch the raviſh'd view,
Scenes ever varying, beauties ever new.
The hills rejoice around, the vallies ſing,
And e'en rough mountains gratulate the Spring,
While the gay quires, that haunt the ſhelt'ring ſhade,
Their untaught muſic mix, to glad the groves,
Where Contemplation, ſweetly-penſive Maid,
With Peace and Rapture roves.

Rejoicing in the good, his hands beſtow,
Th' Almighty Father looks well-pleas'd below;
But chief, his fav'rite work to ſee,
The pious, grateful, ſocial Soul,
Where tun'd to Nature's harmony
The ſofteſt, ſweeteſt paſſions roll;
That throbs in ſympathy with woe,
That flames with friendſhip's holy glow,
That ſwells with wiſhes unconfin'd
To ſcatter bleſſings o'er Mankind,
And, in divine reſembling lines impreſt,
Loves his own image on the gen'rous breaſt.

A LYRIC RHAPSODY.

Beauteous Siſter of the Sun!
Whoſe gentle rule the ſtarry quires obey,
In full-orb'd glory move majeſtic on,
And ſhed a ſober, a religious ray;
O'er the gloomy front of Night
Caſt a ſweetly-ſolemn grace,
Show'r o'er her ſable plumes thy pearly light,
And kindle into ſmiles her awful face.

Here, muſing in the ſecret glade,
While beneath the waving ſhade
Dance on the chequer'd ground thy quiv'ring beams,
Or play bright-ſparkling on the trembling ſtreams,
O'er the ſmooth lake a ſofter luſtre throw,
And the hill tops ſeem tipp'd with ſilver ſnow,
From Folly's laugh, from Splendor's idle glare,
The routs of Riot, and the toils of Care,
My ſoul to Solitude, to Silence, flies,
To Contemplation's pure, and placid joys;
O let her here a calm aſylum find,
And leave the Buſy, and the Gay behind!

Hail heav'nly Contemplation! meek-ey'd Maid!
Fair Hermit! born beneath th' embow'ring ſhade,
And nurs'd by Silence, daughter of the Night,
Converſing in thy native wood
With holy Genii, guardians of the Good,
Wiſdom ſerene, and Rational Delight;

Receive the fugitive—my cares aſſwage,
And bid the ſwelling paſſions ceaſe to rage!
I long to hear the whiſper'd ſounds, that flow
From thy lov'd lips to chear the lonely hours,
Mild as th' ambroſial gales of heav'n, that blow
O'er amaranthine flow'rs.

O come! and beaming full on Fancy's eyes
Bid Virtue's ſacred glories riſe,
Such as beſide Ilyſſus' ſtreams
Bleſt her Plato's hallow'd dreams,
Whence his warm tranſported thought
Its high ecſtatic ſpirit caught!
Bid me with awful pleaſure trace
Each mental charm, each moral grace,
In all their fair attractions dreſt,
The Sage's thought, the Patriot's flame,
The pure deſire, the gen'rous aim,
And the bright ardor of the godlike breaſt!

The friendly heart, the ſocial glow,
The melting ſoul of tenderneſs,
The tear by Pity taught to flow,
To ſooth the pangs of keen diſtreſs;
The firm reſolve, that dares defy
The lightning of the Tyrant's eye,
And, ſpite of flattery, or force,
Holds on unmov'd its honeſt courſe!
Thus let me view the mind-ennobling Maid,
In mingled majeſty and grace array'd,
'Till in my breaſt her thrilling pow'r inſpires
Her own divine delights, her own immortal fires.

But chief, above theſe ſublunary ſkies
Bid my bold ideas riſe
On Rapture's flaming car,
By fiery courſers born in boundleſs flight
Above the blazing height
Of yon dread concave gemm'd with many a ſtar,
To orbs inſpher'd in empyréan gold,
Where crown'd with flow'ry wreaths, that never die,
The blooming Sons of Immortality
Sport with young Joys in endleſs circles roll'd:
Where the Firſt Beauty ſheds eternal day,
While round his ſaphire throne the flame-rob'd Quire
Touch into tranſport high the heav'nly lyre,
And to the Perfect Fair devote the lay;
And while around his peerleſs glories ſtream,
Glow with the warmth, and brighten in the beam.

Hail Excellence Supreme! above, below,
We ſee thy beauteous emanations flow.
Hence each ſublime, engaging grace,
That ſtrikes, or charms on Nature's face;
Hence Art derives her mimic pow'r to pleaſe,
Her varied order, and her poliſh'd eaſe;
Wiſdom from Thee, the parent Mind,
Imbibes her intellectual day,
The tow'ring ſentiment, the thought refin'd,
Are beamings of thy borrow'd ray:
When Virtue, on her ſmooth unſullied breaſt
Beholds her moral charms confeſt,
Majeſtically Great, or ſweetly Fair,
She views but thy reflected image there.

When at thy potent voice Confuſion fled,
And from the dread abyſs of ancient Night
Young Nature roſe—while round her purple head
Play'd the mild luſtre of the new-born light;
When o'er the wide-extended globe
Celeſtial Beauty caſt her flow'ry robe,
With tow'ring cedars crown'd the hanging hill,
Shed o'er the plain, the grove, the glade,
Her ſweetly-varied light and ſhade,
And thro' the valley pour'd the vagrant rill;

While Life diffus'd thro' ocean, earth, and air,
In her variety of forms more fair,
Aloft on new-fledg'd pinions wing'd her way,
Or cleav'd with oary fins the foaming ſea,
Roam'd o'er the mountain, bounded thro' the brake,
Graz'd the ſmooth green, or lurk'd in ſedgy lake;
Still was there wanting, to command the whole,
A ruling Pow'r, a reas'ning Soul.

A work of more exalted kind
Thy great ideas then deſign'd;
Bade a majeſtic form ariſe,
And lift to heav'n the conſcious brow,
The ſeat of thought, and ſparkling eyes
All bright in Fancy's vivid glow.
Him, thy fair Image, did thy word ordain
The reas'ning Monarch of the land and main,
Supreme, but with a juſt and gentle ſway,
And bade the Brute his deſtin'd Lord obey.

Nor for this world alone, a tranſient ſcene,
Form'ſt thou the Soul—Some inſtinct from within,
Thine inſpiration, wings her wiſh ſublime
Beyond the bounds of nature, and of time.
The ſtrong and reſtleſs energy of Mind,
That roves the fields of Science unconfin'd,
That ſpreads its darting plumes from pole to pole,
Wherever tempeſts rage, or oceans roll,
Explores the ſecrets of the realms on high,
Draws the red lightning from the low'ring ſky,
Bids ſeven-fold light its magic dyes diſplay,
The blended glories of the golden day,
Treads the bright path the circling planets run,
Sports in the living ſplendors of the ſun,
Or far outflies the comet's blazing race,
And ſeeks new ſyſtems thro' the wilds of ſpace—
Immenſe deſigns,
Immortal hopes, and unextinguiſh'd fires,
Exalt her vaſt aſpiring thought to Thee,
And only find a bound in thine Infinity.

But when, forgetful of her heav'nly birth,
She drops her idle plumes, and ſinks to earth,
When loſt to Virtue's ſacred charms,
Her vigour melts in Pleaſure's arms,
Her grace and beauties by degrees decay,
And miſts of error cloud her mental ray;
Slaves to a tyrant luſt, divine no more,
Her towring faculties no longer ſoar;
Her nobler pow'rs in wild confuſion toſt
By furious paſſions, or in languor loſt,
Lie drear and waſte, like once a beauteous World
Daſh'd into ruin, and in Chaos hurl'd.

ODE ON CONTENTMENT.

Behold thoſe haughty hills, that heav'n invade,
And o'er the vales extend their awful ſhade!
Sublime upon his icy throne,
There tyrant Winter reigns alone,
In ſullen majeſty; while vapours hoar
And rainy clouds involve his gloomy brow;
Beneath his feet the chilling tempeſts roar,
And down the mountain drive th' inceſſant ſnow;
Beat by the hollow blaſt the rocking woods
Wave their brown horrors, howling o'er the floods.

Here ſeems old Chaos to maintain
The relics of his ancient reign,
When yet the rude materials of the world
Were all in wild confuſion hurl'd;
Ere yet the Sov'reign Mind
In friendly league the jarring atoms join'd,
Poliſh'd the rugged form of Nature's face,
Mix'd ſtrength with elegance, with grandeur grace,
And pour'd thoſe beauties o'er the blended Whole,
Which charm the ſight and elevate the ſoul.
And is there ought of bliſs 'mid ſcenes ſo dear?
And can Contentment fix her dwelling here?

Yes! here—tho' Wildneſs o'er the ragged rocks
Roams with diſorder'd robes, and tangled locks,
Tho' hither late arrives the lagging Spring,
Slow-ſtooping with unwilling wing,

And ſcatters with a ſparing hand
His treaſures o'er the barren land,
Yet, while in ſtudious quiet bleſt,
Beneath my humble roof I reſt,
I envy not the happier ſkies,
Where brighter ſuns unclouded riſe
To gild Heſperia's flow'ry vales;
Where Beauty wreath'd by Love with roſes
In the myrtle bower repoſes,
Her boſom cool'd by fragrant gales;
And vernal Hours diſplay their purple pride
On broider'd Arno's bluſhing ſide.

True Bliſs is not to place confin'd,
But ſtays, or travels with the Mind;
Nor luxury, nor pomp impart
Her genuine rapture to the heart.
Thoſe vaunt her favours moſt, who leaſt obtain,
The Great, the Proud, the Vicious, and the Vain.
Coy Beauty and reſerv'd, ſhe flies
The croud's applauſe, the public eye,
Loud-laughing Folly's idle joys,
And Grandeur's childiſh pageantry;
Deep in the breaſt retir'd ſhe ſits unſeen,
Still ſought without and over-look'd within.

When Dionyſius crown'd the purple bowl,
Bid round the board the tides of pleaſure roll,
And call'd her to the feaſt, he call'd in vain;
She fled the noiſy banquet with diſdain,
And ſwift her downy pinions ſpread
To Plato in his Academic ſhade,

While by Ilyſſus' bank with tranſport high
His ſoul enjoy'd her immortality.

In Pleaſure's blooming walks and fragrant bow'rs,
Where Venus waves her golden hair,
Beneath the ſhades, among the flow'rs
Lurks the ſly deceiver Care:
While Admiration gazing counts
The trophies in long triumph born,
Aloft the Victor's gilded car ſhe mounts,
And with the wreathing laurel twines her thorn;
And while "a God! a God!"—reſound the ſkies,
The ſighing heart the loud acclaim belies.

Her gloomy front ſhe dares intrude
Upon the Tyrant's ſolitude;
Nor can the braveſt guards, that round him wait,
Drive the fell harpy from his chairs of ſtate.
The ſound of titles, and the ſoothing ſtrain
Of ſervile flatt'ry charm remorſe in vain,
To the ſore mind like muſic idly play'd
To Mothers, on an infant's bier
Shedding the pathetic tear;
Or to the fond and faithful Maid,
With a breaking heart that hangs
O'er a dying Lover's pangs.

Guilt o'er his boſom throws infernal night;
There the grim ghoſts of ancient crimes affright;
Now Vengeance flames before, now frowns behind;
Vengeance he hears in ev'ry whiſtling wind:

For him he thinks the flaſhing lightnings fly;
For him the thunders murmur in the ſky:
Suſpicion paints the viſionary dart,
And pale aſſaſſin: with uplifted hand,
And eye determin'd, ſtern, he ſees him ſtand,
And aim the vengeful weapon at his heart;
Aghaſt he ſhudders at the view,
And ſtarts, and fears the viſion true.

Far from the din of courts, Repoſe
Viſits the harmleſs Shepherd's ſhed,
O'er his hard limbs her ſleepy poppy throws,
And curtains round with reſt his lowly bed;
Then gives him to the dawning day
Blith as the vermeil morn of May.
Upriſing light his fleecy charge he leads
To the freſh fountains, and the flow'ry meads,
Lays by the ſtream his careleſs length along,
And whiſtles rude his wildly-warbled ſong;
Or by the bluſhing Milk-maid's pail
Artleſs tells his tender tale.
Ambition with her gilded ſnare
Stalks by his cot, too proud to enter there;
From Envy's lynx's eye,
Conceal'd in ſhades his humble merits lie,
And factious Rage, on murder'd Greatneſs fed,
Hurls her dire jav'lin at a nobler head.

O Nymph of ſweet engaging mien,
With ruddy cheek, and brow ſerene,

Divine Contentment! ſtill be nigh
To cheer me with thy placid eye.
While thro' this fleeting Life's ſhort various day
A humble Pilgrim here I plod my way,
May no ambitious dreams delude my mind,
Impatience hence be far—and far be Pride;
Whate'er my lot, on Heav'n's kind care reclin'd,
Be Piety my comfort—Faith my guide.

Let others riſe by guilt and meanneſs Great,
Riot in luxury, and ſtalk in ſtate
Their ſhort-liv'd days, 'till Death, relentleſs foe,
Strike their vain grandeur to the gulf below;
The godlike Soul regards with juſt diſdain
The paſſing pageant of the Proud and Vain:
Her wiſh ſhe wings beyond the bounds of time
To joys more pure, to glories more ſublime.
Her bold Ambition, of no mortal ſize,
Does like ſome Coloſſean ſtatue riſe,
And hide its tow'ring forehead in the ſkies.

THE VANITY OF FAME.

As vapours from the marſh's miry bed
Aſcend, and gath'ring on the mountain head,
Spread their long train in ſplendid pomp on high;
Now o'er the vales in awful grandeur lour;
Now flaſhing, thund'ring down the trembling ſky,
Rive the tough oak, or daſh th' aſpiring tow'r;
Then melting down in rain
Drop to their baſe original again;
Thus earth-born Heroes, the proud ſons of praiſe,
Awhile on Fortune's airy ſummit blaze,
The world's fair peace confound,
And deal diſmay, and death, and ruin round,
Then back to earth theſe Idols of an hour
Sink on a ſudden, and are known no more.

Where is each boaſted Favourite of Fame,
Whoſe wide expanded name
Fill'd the loud echoes of the world around,
While ſhore to ſhore return'd the lengthen'd ſound?
The Warriors where, who, in triumphal pride,
With weeping Freedom to the chariot tied,
To Glory's Capitolian temple rode?
In undiſtinguiſh'd duſt together trod,
Victors and vanquiſh'd mingle in the grave;
Worms prey upon the mould'ring God,
Nor know a Cæſar from his ſlave;

In empty air their mighty deeds exhale,
A School-boy's wonder, or an ev'ning tale.

In vain with various arts they ſtrive
To keep their little names alive,
Bid to the ſkies th' ambitious tow'r aſcend;
The cirque its vaſt majeſtic length extend;
Bid arcs of triumph ſwell their graceful round;
Or mauſoleums load th' incumber'd ground;
Or Sculpture ſpeak in animated ſtone
Of vanquiſh'd Monarchs tumbled from the throne;
The rolling tide of years
Ruſhing with ſtrong, and ſteady current, bears
The pompous piles with all their fame away,
To black Oblivion's ſea;
Deep in whoſe dread abyſs the glory lies
Of empires, ages, never more to riſe!

Where's now imperial Rome,
Who erſt to ſubject Kings denounc'd their doom,
And ſhook the Scepter o'er a trembling World?
From her proud height by force Barbarian hurl'd.
Now, on ſome broken capital reclin'd,
The Sage of claſſic mind
Her awful relics views with pitying eye,
And o'er departed Grandeur heaves a ſigh;
Or fancies, wand'ring in his moon-light walk
The proſtrate fanes, and mould'ring domes among,
He ſees the mighty Ghoſts of Heroes ſtalk
In melancholy majeſty along,

Or penſive hover o'er the ruins round,
Their pallid brows with faded laurels bound;
While Cato's ſhade ſeems ſcornful to ſurvey
A race of Slaves, and ſternly ſtrides away.

Where old Euphrates winds his ſtoried flood,
The curious Traveller explores in vain
The barren ſhores, and ſolitary plain,
Where erſt majeſtic Babel's turrets ſtood;
All vaniſht from the view her proud abodes,
Her walls, and brazen gates, and palaces of Gods!
A ſhapeleſs heap o'erſpreads the dreary ſpace,
Of mingled piles an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs;
There the wild tenants of the deſart dwell;
The ſerpent's hiſs is heard, the dragon's yell;
And doleful howlings o'er the waſte affright
And drive afar the wand'rers of the night.

Yet, 'tis Divinity's implanted fire,
Which bids the Soul to glorious heights aſpire;
Enlarge her wiſhes, and extend her ſight
Beyond this little Life's contracted round,
And wing her eagle flight
To grandeur, fame, and bliſs without a bound.
Ambition's ardent hopes, and golden dreams,
Her tow'ring madneſs, and her wild extremes,
Unfold this ſacred truth to Reaſon's eye,
That "Man was made for Immortality."

Yes, Friend! let noble deeds, and noble aims
To diſtant ages conſecrate our names,

That when theſe tenements of crumbling clay
Are dropt to duſt away,
Some worthy monument may ſtill declare
To future times, " we were!"
Not ſuch as mad Ambition's vot'ries raiſe
Upon the driving ſand of vulgar praiſe;
But with its firm foundation laid
On Virtue's adamantine rock,
That to the ſkies ſhall lift its tow'ring head
Superior to the ſurge's ſhock.
Plann'd like a Memphian Pyramid ſublime,
Riſing majeſtic on its ample baſe,
By juſt degrees, and with a daring grace,
Erect, unmov'd amid the ſtorms of time!

Of time! no, that's a period too confin'd
To fill th' unbounded Mind,
Which o'er the barrier leaps of added years,
Of ages, æras, and revolving ſpheres,
And leaves the flight of numbers ſtill behind.
When the loud clarion's dreadful roll
Shall rend the globe from pole to pole;
When worlds and ſyſtems ſink in fire,
And Nature, Time, and Death expire;
In the bright records of the ſky
Shall Virtue ſee her honours ſhine;
Shall ſee them blazing round the ſacred ſhrine
Of bleſt Eternity.

ODE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

THEE, Albion! Thee my grateful Muſe ſhall ſing;
For thee, great Mother! touch the lyric ſtring:
Parent of Men, wiſe, martial, bold, and free,
Who oft have fac'd the fierceſt forms of Death,
And gaſp'd in Glory's arms their parting breath
For Liberty, and Thee.

Hail ſeat of ſcience, arts, and equal ſway!
Freedom's fair throne amid the ſubject ſea!
Thee fav'ring Heav'n deſign'd
From wild deſpotic rage the Fortreſs of mankind.
For this he rais'd thy rocky mound,
And pour'd the roaring billows round,
From where old Orcas hears the rough North rave,
To where Belerium brows the weſtern wave.
To thy propitious ſhore
Fair Innocence oppreſt by tyrant pow'r,
And meek-ey'd Peace repair,
And find a ſure repoſe and refuge there.

While on the verdant hills, and flow'ry mead,
Thy fleecy flocks ſecurely ſtray,
Thy lowing herds ſecurely feed,
And ruſtic youth their frolic gambols play,
No hoſtile legions dare invade
Thy unpolluted ſhade;

No hoſtile ſounds their horrors dart
Thro' the Virgin's trembling heart,
Liſt'ning in the tranquil grove
To ſome tender tale of love;
But Peace, and Freedom walk the hallow'd ground,
And rich Abundance ſmiles, and Beauty blooms around.

On thy eternal rocks, with trophies grac'd,
Above the foaming ſurges of the flood,
Has Liberty ſublime her Temple plac'd,
The deep foundations ſtain'd with Tyrants' blood.
Vaſt pile of adamant! the ſtructure ſtands;
To heav'ns high vault the ſwelling domes aſpire,
And ſhed their luſtre wide—while diſtant lands
Behold the golden glories, and admire.

There native Genius, and conſummate Art,
Exerting each their deſtin'd part,
Have ſpirit, grandeur, grace combin'd,
And Gothic ſtrength with Grecian order join'd
To form one bold and regular deſign,
Where juſt proportion tempers warmth divine.

Around the walls, by mimic Art pourtray'd,
Are Patriots, Chiefs, and mighty deeds diſplay'd.
Here the impaſſion'd colours tell
How gentle, gen'rous Ruſſel fell;
There Sydney fierce, impatient of the yoke,
Firm and undaunted meets the Tyrant's ſtroke:
Here Eliot, ardent for her injur'd laws,
With Roman ſpirit pleads his country's cauſe,

Scorns the mean Tyrant's arts, his rage defies,
And with the ſpirit, that he liv'd, he dies.

See Hampden with a calm determin'd air
The frown of ſtern Oppreſſion ſingly dare!
There fainting on the ground
In living purple ſtreams his glorious wound,
While Freedom, Honour, Virtue mourn around.
In attitude to ſpeak ſee Chatham ſtand!
He waves with graceful dignity his hand;
Britannia's rights his fervid breaſt inſpire,
Each look, and act, all energy and fire!
But feeble here are lines, and colours faint;
Fancy muſt image, what no art can paint;
That patriot glow, from whoſe reſiſtleſs ray
The foes of Freedom turn'd their eyes away;
Soul-piercing eloquence with wiſdom join'd;
The comprehenſive thought, th'unconquerable mind.

There with majeſtic charms,
Guarded by laws, and arms,
The Goddeſs, awful, fills her ſacred ſeat:
While Tyranny with brazen fetters bound,
Thrown from his ſteel-bright chariot to the ground,
Rages with idle fury at her feet:
His iron rod, and axes ſtain'd with gore,
And racks, and tort'ring wheels, lie broken on the floor.

On either hand, attendant on their Queen,
In fair array a comely Choir are ſeen;

Mild Peace, whoſe locks her olive wreaths infold,
And roſeat Plenty, with her lib'ral horn:
And ſun-burnt Commerce, bright in broider'd gold,
Whoſe brows the treaſures of the world adorn.
The Muſes there with manly melody
Bid to her praiſe their nobler numbers roll,
And from the luſtre of her vivid eye
Catch the keen flame, and extacy of ſoul.

Touch'd by her animating ray
The ſciences and arts diſplay
Whate'er unfetter'd Genius can inſpire,
All Reaſon's energy, all Fancy's fire,
That give or grace, or dignity to Mind,
And form, ſecure, improve the bliſs of human-kind.
Truth, by blind zeal and tyrant rage unaw'd,
Like the free eagle wings her daring courſe,
And ſoaring upward to her heav'nly ſource
Imbibes the bright effulgence of her God.

Goddeſs! by Albion moſt ador'd and bleſt!
Still may thy ſpirit ſwell the Britiſh breaſt!
Thy ardours ſtill her patriot Chiefs inſpire,
And kindle to a blaze her Warriors' fire!
Beneath thy influence ſtill may Britain reign,
Imperial miſtreſs of the mighty main;
And while her naval thunders roar,
Pale Gallia tremble—proud Iberia's ſhore
Tremble thro' her echoing caves,
Daſh'd by Britannia's ſubject waves!

May Fate another, better, age unfold!
May Peace repoſe beneath her olive ſhade,
While ſinging Muſes lull the ſleeping Maid,
And ſtill may Plenty ſmile, and Commerce flame in gold!
O drive Corruption to her dreary cell,
There may th' envenom'd harpy dwell
Amid the glooms of night, and groans of Hell!
On Glory's car, at her ſublimeſt height,
May the full ſplendours of thy genius glow,
A ray on Albion beam benignly bright,
But flaſh like blaſting lightning on her foe!

O D E

OCCASIONED BY THE ATHEISTICAL TENETS PUBLICKLY AVOWED IN FRANCE.

" Is there a GOD?" the Sceptic cries,
Profanely daring, and abſurdly wiſe. *
Aſk the loud thunder! Aſk the lightning's glare!
When Terror riding on his fiery car,
Flaſhing thro' the blue profound,
Shakes the vaulted heav'ns around:
Or aſk the troubled Deep,
When o'er the ſurge the dire tornados ſweep,
Bid the vext ſurface into mountains riſe,
And wild Confuſion mingles waves, and ſkies;
While the poor Pilot, pale with dread,
Sees ghaſtly Death hang foaming o'er his head;
Trembling ſhe'll tell, what awful Pow'r preſides
To ſink, or ſwell to rage her hoarſe-reſounding tides.

Aſk of the ſkies, who form'd their ſhining frame;
Who rang'd the ſtarry legions in array;
Who thro' the void elanc'd the comet's flame,
And from its golden fountain pour'd the day?
Who bends the concave of the ſev'n-fold bow?
Who gives the riſing morn its roſeat glow?

* Hor. Od. 34. l. 1. Inſanientis Sapientiæ

In tenfold darkneſs now involves the ſphere;
While ſtalk terrific thro' the dreadful night
Rav'ning Death, and pale Affright,
And ſhake the ſhiv'ring heart with frantic fear?

Are proofs of Pow'r too weak? Behold around
Bounty profuſe, and Love, that knows no bound!
For thee, ungrateful Man! his fav'rite care,
He ſhed a thouſand charms on Nature's face,
All ſweetly blended—the ſublime, the fair,
Order divine, and ſoul-enchanting grace.
Cloth'd the gay paſtures with enliv'ning green,
Arch'd with embow'ring ſhades the ſylvan ſcene;
Swell'd the high mountain with majeſtic pride,
Slop'd the deep vale, and down its winding ſide
Bid many a freſh rill flow, that murm'ring ſtrays
Moſt muſical in many a waving maze.
For thee his vernal Zephyrs play,
And in rich colours blooms the flow'ry May;
For thee his handmaid Nature ſhow'rs around
Her ample ſtores, and loads the gladden'd ground;
For thee his Moons their ſilver beams unfold,
And Suns with regal grandeur blaze in gold.

Yet Man, with reaſon blind, perverſe of will,
Caprice his guide, and luſt his law,
Still prone to interdicted ill,
Nor Love can melt, nor Powr' can awe.
Of Heav'n's unnumber'd bounties while poſſeſt
The goodneſs he blaſphemes, that makes him bleſt:

Weak Reptile! dares with impious pride
Oppoſe th' Omnipotent's command,
Nor ſuffers his uplifted hand*
To lay the vengeful bolt aſide.

Inſatiate Famine, flame-ey'd War,
Foul Diſeaſe's ghaſtly train,
And pining Grief, and agonizing Pain,
Outrageous Frenzy, ſullen-ey'd Deſpair,
Whoſe hand determin'd graſps the dart
To drive it to her heart,
Pale-cheek'd Anxiety, that knows no reſt,
And fell Remorſe with ſnaky treſſes crown'd,
With all her thouſand Fiends of horror round,
That pierce with guilty pangs the ſecret breaſt,
And that dread Voice, that dogs the godleſs crew,
Which ſilent long, at length with awful roll,
Like thunder pealing thro' the ſhudd'ring Soul,
Compels it to believe, and tremble too,
All at his footſtool wait his dread command:
Grim-viſag'd Vengeance heads the grifly band:
Arm'd with her iron rod,
With all the flames and thunders of her GOD.
Her hoſt of marſhall'd Ills ſhe leads below,
And deals around variety of woe.

* ——————— neque
Per noſtrum patimur ſcelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

HOR. OD. 3, l. 1.

Hail Greateſt! Wiſeſt! Beſt!
While peal thy thunders, and thy lightnings glow,
Let the bold tremble, and the haughty bow,
And thrilling terrors chill the Tyrant's breaſt!
But bleſt the pious, gentle, gen'rous Race,
On whom, impreſt in many a lovely line,
The beamings of thy beauty ſhine,
With full reflected grace!
Theirs is heart-chearing Hope of eye ſerene,
Mild as ſome ſmiling Angel's placid mien;
Theirs is ſtrong-pinion'd Faith, that dares the ſky:
Theirs Peace etherial ever calm, and even;
Theirs the rapt Seraph's ſoul-entrancing joy;
Theirs the fair dawnings of the day of Heaven.

To them thy flaming bolts no terrors bear,
While in their dread Almighty King they view
The tender Father too,
Joy in thy love, and truſt thy faithful care.
Thus ſome bright Cherub ſtands before thy ſhrine,
Fearleſs his Maker's awful form ſurveys,
Securely ſees his dreadful glories ſhine,
And in his lightning's living flaſhes plays.

AN ANGEL'S SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

" Among the tribes, that float in air around,
" Or cleave the curling wave, or graze the ground,
" Is there no Being of ſuperior frame?
" No maſter-work of Heav'n,
" To whom more awful pow'rs, a purer flame,
" A reas'ning Mind is given,
" By the Firſt Father form'd ſublime to ſway
" O'er the wide land, and loud reſounding ſea?

" There is—I ſee this earthly Demigod;
" I ſee the graceful form, the meaning face,
" Erect, and towr'ing to yon bright abode,
" Where with majeſtic beauty ſtampt I trace
" Th' inſpiring Soul, that fills the lovely ſhrine,
" Reaſon's keen piercing beam, and Virtue's air divine."

So ſpake a Spirit of etherial frame,
When firſt to earth a viſitant he came;
To view the glories of his God diſplay'd
In ſhining orbs, and rolling worlds unknown,
In varied forms, in varied grace array'd,
He left his native ſkies, and kindred ſun,
And on the pious thought intent,
To this terreſtrial ball his courſe he bent.

Awhile the purple-pinion'd Stranger ſtood,
And with an Angel's ken, that wide, and far

Glanc'd like the lightning's inſtantaneous glare,
Our idle, buſy, buſtling race he view'd.
He ſaw with ſorrow there
His Maker's image, ſtampt divinely fair,
Profan'd by Folly, or by Vice defac'd;
All quench'd the ſacred Soul's etherial flame:
Forgot her being's nobler end and aim;
Her reaſon ſlave to ſenſe, and bending to the beaſt.
Unchain'd the fiercer paſſions madden round,
Pride, Envy, Luſt, Ambition, Rage, confound
The world's fair order—and like hell-hounds driv'n
By ſcourging furies, waſte the works of Heav'n.

Here Vice he ſees, enthron'd in Virtue's ſhrine,
With idol pomp ador'd, and rites divine,
Her ſecret myſt'ries unabaſh'd diſplay,
And act her orgies in the face of day.
Her impious Sons ſtill riot uncontroll'd;
Not fiercer midnight wolves, that thin the fold;
No ties confine their rage, no ſanctions awe;
To them no God, no Goſpel, and no law:
Yet is their ſpreading glory ſeen,
Tall as the palm, and as the laurel green;
For them fair Plenty heaps her ample ſtores,
And on the genial board unſparing pours;
For them the weary Peaſant plows the ſoil;
Theirs is the fruit, for which ten thouſand toil;
Sublime on Fortune's airy height they ſtand,
Her ſhining fane command,
Ruſh on her glitt'ring ſpoils with rapine bold,
And ſhare at will her honours, and her gold.

Now ſtrike his ſtartled ear from far
The din, and deaf'ning clamours of the Bar.
There with arch leer, and ever pliant tongue,
Stands Sophiſtry, confounding right, and wrong;
With Impudence, nor Man nor God can awe,
And ſtern Oppreſſion, ſanctified by law;
While Perjury without remorſe, or dread,
Hears the hoarſe thunder murm'ring o'er his head,
Juſtice with weeping eyes
Her rightful ſeat, and ſacred temple flies;
Chicane with thouſand tongues uſurps her reign,
Loud as the clangors of the ſtorm-vext main.

There ſees he blazing in imperial pride
On Freedom's proſtrate neck the Deſpot ride!
Furious, and gloomy as the northern wind,
He ſhakes the ſword of vengeance o'er mankind,
Like a red comet with his flaming hair;
Oppreſſion, Rapine, ſtalk beſide the car,
Captivity, and Grief, and gory Death behind.

But now the martial clarion's ſhrill alarms
Call all the Furies—rouſe the rage of war:
He hears the prancing ſteed, the clatt'ring car,
And vales, and rocks rebellow loud—"to arms!"
In ſhining pomp, and awful beauty gay,
Fierce for the bloody bus'neſs of the day,
See front to front two kindred armies ſtand!
Diſcord, with ſerpents hiſſing round her head,
Bids to the ſky the purple banners ſpread,

Her torch of flame high waving in her hand ;
With frantic mien ſhe runs from band to band,
Fires ev'ry beating breaſt, and ſows the ſeed
Of rancour, rage, and death, and ev'ry dreadful deed.

Now meet the charging Legions—hate and ire
Edge their keen ſwords, and ſparkle in their eyes :
The glowing field appears a moving fire :
Loud and more loud the mingling clangors riſe.
Fierce Diſcord thunders, and the hills reply
Hoarſe echoing—trembles earth, and ſhakes the ſky.
From hoſt to hoſt gigantic Terror ſtrides,
And darts chill horror thro' the braveſt breaſt :
Grim Death amid the ranks in triumph rides,
And calls Hell's hungry bloodhounds to the feaſt.

Diſſolv'd are Honor's, Friendſhip's, Nature's ties;
See by the Brother's ſword the Brother dies !
See mute with horror, writh'd with anguiſh there
Bent o'er his murder'd Son the gory Sire—
Looking ſome dreadful thought in ſtern deſpair ;
Then with ſelf-vengeance on the corſe expire !
Here fell Revenge around
Turns her keen eye to find her hated foe ;
Full at his heart ſhe drives the deſp'rate blow,
And turns th' envenom'd weapon in the wound.

Wide Deſolation o'er the weeping plains
Ruſhing with waſteful ſway,
Like a vaſt torrent ſwoll'n with wint'ry rains,
Sweeps the rich product of the year away.

High o'er th' imperial city's glitt'ring ſpires
Blaze to the midnight ſky the crackling fires.
Sights of horror, ſounds of woe
Mark the dire progreſs of the victor foe!
The harden'd Soldier looks relentleſs on,
And ſhouts triumphant o'er th' expiring groan.

There from his ſnowy waſte, and frozen ſkies,
The rav'ning Ruſſian Eagle flies,
And ſwiftly ſhooting from his airy way
Pounces on his trembling prey.
The Poliſh Peaſant ſees the flames invade
His long-lov'd cot, and blaſt the blooming grove,
Where whilom to his nut-brown Maid
He told his tales of love.
His flocks and herds the ſoldier's ſpoil,
He flies exil'd his native ſoil,
Stagg'ring with age, and care;
With cold and famine faint his infant race,
And pining in his fond embrace,
His ſoul with agonizing tortures tear.

But now the Angel's eye new ſcenes invite:
He ſees a long proceſſion rob'd in white;
Melodious warblings trill on ev'ry tongue;
To God aſcend the lays
In ſounds of ſacred praiſe,
His love the grateful ſubject of the ſong.
To pay the ſolemn vow
To yon fair temple's gilded domes they go.

A ſudden tranſport ſeiz'd the Seraph's breaſt,
As when among his brethren of the Bleſt,
In heav'nly bow'rs above,
To Rapture's voice he tun'd the lyre of Love.

Quick thro' the ſounding aiſle a glance he darts,
Then back with horror ſtarts.
There Superſtition ſits in idol ſtate,
To kneeling trembling crowds denouncing fate,
Far-beaming rays her flaming brows infold;
Her beauteous outſide gorgeous all with gold:
Her inward form, by art in vain conceal'd,
To his keen eye the Fiend of Hell reveal'd.

Now in dread majeſty ſublime ſhe ſtands,
And wields the three-fork'd thunder in her hands;
Now to thick ſhades, and cheerleſs gloom retires,
And thro' the darkneſs breathes devouring fires;
At her command the deadly lightning flies;
At her command th' avenging Furies riſe;
Hark! the harſh jarrings of the clanking chain!
Sighs of ſorrow, ſullen moans,
Doleful ſhrieks, and dying groans,
And Hell's own horrors fill th' affrighted fane.

Swords, axes, racks beſtrew the purpled floor;
The clotted altars bluſh with human gore;
Grim Terrors, Panic Fears ſurround the ſhrine;
The wild Enthuſiaſt feels the flame divine;
Sad Melancholy ſighs for ever there,
And in her dreary dungeon raves deſpair.

A madding Rout around
By turns devoutly curſe, devoutly pray,
For God they cancel faith, for God betray,
For God infuriate deal the deathful wound.
Affection, Pity, Nature plead in vain;
The Friend is ſacrific'd, the Brother ſlain!
While the fond Sire, by pious rage poſſeſt,
Drives the fell dagger to the Daughter's breaſt!
Aghaſt the Seraph turn'd his tearful eye,
Beat his ſad breaſt, and ſought again the ſky.

ODE TO DELIA SINGING.

PARENT of winning grace, and thrilling joy,
Celeſtial Harmony, on high
On her ſweet ſolemn-ſounding ſpheres enthron'd,
Melts into melody the Cherub's tongue,
Kindles the raptur'd Seraph's glowing ſong,
And turns th' eternal wheels of Nature round.

When jarring atoms wag'd inceſſant wars,
Ere flam'd the glories of the golden ſtars,
Ere yet the bright imperial ſun
In his majeſtic center ſhone,
She touch'd the living lyre—the ſwelling ſound
Warbled thro' Chaos' dreary realms around.
Charm'd Tumult ſunk in ſilence—the rough ſeas
Of mingled matter, ſeas without a ſhore,
Repreſs'd their foaming rage, and ceas'd to roar,
Calm as old Ocean heaving to the breeze.
From the rude maſs obedient to her ſong
Order, and Life, and Soul, and Beauty ſprung.
Wild Diſcord heard, and murm'ring fled;
Deep in the dark abyſs ſhe plung'd her head;
There, bound for ever in a brazen chain,
With Hate, and Rage, and Hell ſhe raves in vain,
And univerſal Peace aſſumes her placid reign.

'Twas ſhe o'er Delia's ſhape, and face,
And air, and motion, ſhed enchanting grace;

To her own ſphery chimes attun'd her tongue,
And breath'd into her breaſt the ſoul of ſong.
While in the nobler muſic of her mind,
(Reſult of mental, moral charms combin'd,
Whate'er can elevate, delight, endear)
We ſee with faireſt evidence appear
The Pow'r, that ſpreads, below, around, above,
Order, and grace, and tunes the world to love.

When new to life, our Sire was laid
On mother earth's embroider'd bed,
The fountain's flow'ry verge along,
While with ſoft-murm'ring melody
The tinkling rill ran queruloufly by,
And tun'd its wild unvaried ſong,
With fixt attention lull'd to hear
He liſten'd with delighted ear,
Or thrill'd with pleaſure, while the breeze above,
Whoſe ſpicy breath perfum'd the grove,
Among the branches muſically play'd,
And harmoniz'd the trees that trembled o'er his head.

But when of Angel-guards the hymning Quire
(Unſeen by his terreſtrial eyes,)
Sweetly touch'd the ſacred lyre,
He ſtarted up with wild ſurprize,
And all his ſoul was loſt in pleaſing extacies;
Raptur'd, he thought the God, he ſought, was found,
His voice he deem'd it, and ador'd the ſound.

Thus, Delia! when, with kindred zeal inſpir'd,
To themes divine you conſecrate your tongue,
And with your Maker's praiſe exalt the ſong,
We feel our breaſts with new emotions fir'd;
Liſt'ning to the heav'nly ſtrain
Common ſounds intrude in vain;
With ſacred love our ſoften'd ſouls o'erflow,
Or with ſublime enflam'd devotion glow.
Tir'd Care forgets her toils,
And Sorrow wipes her dewy eyes, and ſmiles.

Fair Nymph! proceed—the nobleſt hints inſpire,
From vulgar cares the ſordid ſoul refine,
Touch the cold boſom with a heav'nly fire,
And raiſe our Human to Divine!
You give Religion greater grace to pleaſe,
And lend her awful truths melodious eaſe;
Severe in others ſhe commands, alarms,
And chills with look auſtere the trembling breaſt;
In you ſhe like a tuneful Angel charms,
And tempts us to be good, and wins us to be bleſt.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Be this auſpicious day for ever bleſt;
May fav'ring Phœbus mark it from the reſt,
Ever brighteſt to appear
Among the ſhining children of the year;
On this—may wretches never breathe their woes,
May grief a reſpite find, and care repoſe,
When firſt the conſcious ſkies
Saw on the world thy dawning beauty riſe!
And ever bleſt be Thou without alloy
With each rare boon of excellence and joy,
Which to its choſen few, the Good, are giv'n
By the rich bounties of indulgent Heav'n!

Bleſt—not that Beauty deck'd thy fav'rite frame
With ev'ry charm that ſets the ſoul on flame,
Hues, that the roſes of the morn outvie,
And the ſoft languors of the melting eye;
Bid magic grace in ev'ry motion flow,
And round your lips in ſmiles etherial glow,
And moulded in your ſhape with juſt deſign
The nice proportions of her waving line;
But that, ſublimely negligent of theſe,
On the graces more refin'd
Of the heav'n-deſcended Mind,
You build a nobler praiſe!

Bleſt—that, while others in life's blooming ſpring
To crown her brainleſs head

To Folly's fane their roſeate bloſſoms bring,
And their vernal treaſures ſhed
On laughing Pleaſures idle bed—
The faireſt flow'rs of beauty and of youth
You in immortal garlands twine,
And hang their honours round the ſacred ſhrine
Of Piety and Truth!
While Learning's lore your giddy Sex deſpiſe,
Too gay to think, too charming to be wiſe,
O bleſt—who ſtill with happieſt art unite
Science with eloquence, and truth with wit,
And lend Philoſophy your beauty's aid,
Your grace to pleaſe, your ſweetneſs to perſuade!

Thus ſome majeſtic Grecian temple ſtands,
With beauty charms us, and with awe commands;
Each part compos'd the critic eye to pleaſe;
Great without vaſtneſs, regular with eaſe;
And where at once harmonioufly combine
Juſtneſs of art, and boldneſs of deſign;
Where with the Loves and Graces plac'd, we view
Minerva, and the Muſes too.

Proceed, my Fair! advance in ev'ry art,
That wins the judgment, while it warms the heart.
Be in thy boſom's hallow'd verge combin'd,
All that can elevate, or charm Mankind!

May Heav'n's own image ſhine ſerenely fair!
May Heav'n's own raptures glow for ever there!
Rever'd, and lov'd on earth—approv'd by Heav'n,
Enough—enough is giv'n:
Let Folly, Pride, and Av'rice ſhare the reſt,
Be virtuous—and be bleſt!

ODE TO NOVELTY.

Hail Novelty, whoſe vagrant dyes
All wildly float on Fancy's eyes!
Thine are the colours, that the clouds inveſt,
When o'er the ſkies they ſpread their ſplendid train,
While in majeſtic glory down the weſt
Bright Phœbus bends his glitt'ring wain;
Still in a thouſand forms array'd
Of ever-changing light, and ſhade,
Now their gray robes a ſilver ſkirt unfold,
And now in purple bluſh, now glow in flaming gold.

Thine is the tranſitory ray,
Which thro' the pale night darts, and dies away;
Thine is the labyrinth's illuſive maze;
The rill, that in meand'ring current ſtrays;
Now glide its ſilent waters ſmooth and ſlow;
Now chide, and murmur thro' the vocal vale;
Now from the ſteep the cryſtal curve they throw,
Loud raging 'mid the rocks, and daſhing down the dale.

While thy ſweet witchcraft faſcinates the ſight,
The rude can pleaſe, the terrible delight.
The craggy cliff, whoſe pendant brow
Nods o'er the formidable depths below;
The ſpacious foreſt, waſte and wild,
Where ſlumbers Silence, Nature's ſavage child,

Or Melancholy wand'ring weeps alone,
And makes to ſenſeleſs woods her lamentable moan;
Rocks pil'd on rocks in rough terrific pride,
O'er-hung with thickets hoar;
The deaf'ning cataract's tremendous roar,
That down the lofty precipice's ſide
Flings the vaſt volume of its frothy tide;
The billows beating on the bell'wing ſtrand,
When the foul Spirit of the ſtorms
Howls in the blacken'd ſky, the deep deforms,
And drives the ſeas in mountains to the land;
The yawning gulph, the cavern's awful frown,
And gloomy clefts with ſhaggy ſhades o'ergrown,
From Thee derive a charm, and beauties not their own.

'Tis to thy wizard wand we owe
The deareſt joys of life below;
Thine the inexpreſſive grace,
That plays on beauty's ſoul-inſpiring face.
Take thy fairy charm away,
Beauty ſheds a languid ray;
Love's ſoft enchantments weaken by degrees,
And Pleaſure loſes all her power to pleaſe.

When Adam, firſt emerging into day,
Open'd his eyelids to the dazzling ray,
And Nature roſe refulgent on his ſight,
In all her richeſt colours dreſt,
Her Maker's charms divinely bright
Upon her infant form impreſt,

Upſtarting from his parent ground
With eye intent he gaz'd
O'er earth, o'er ſkies, above, below, around,
In ſweet confuſion raptur'd, and amaz'd.

Where'er thro' Eden's blooming groves he ſtray'd,
New beauties ſtill their varying grace diſplay'd;
The woodbine bow'r, the fountain murm'ring by,
The diſtant hills, that mingled with the ſky,
The flow'ry veſture of the vernal plain,
Heav'n's azure arch, the morn's etherial glow,
The landſcape floating on the lake below,
Touch'd his glad heart, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein:
But chief the Lord of day's aſcending blaze
Suſpends his ardent gaze.

But when familiar to the ſcene
The magic of ſurprize decay'd,
The azure vault, the flow'ry green
With leſs'ning tranſport he ſurvey'd;
O'er blooming groves he glanc'd his careleſs eyes;
The purling fount, that murmur'd by,
No longer roll'd in melody,
And without wonder ſuns might ſet, or riſe.

Fancy, ever fond of change,
Free and unconfin'd would range;
New wiſhes ſtill, new hopes, new ardors riſe;
From joy to joy ſhe flies,

Reſtleſs, inſatiate—the ſhort rapture paſt,
She hates this moment, what ſhe lov'd the laſt,
Of one vaſt world exhauſts the mighty ſtore,
Then, like the Macedonian, ſighs for more.

Short, ah! ſhort is Beauty's reign!
Quick the guſt of Pleaſure flies!
So did Sov'reign Fate ordain,
The doom of all beneath the ſkies.
But Virtue, offspring of immortal kind,
Is not to mortal laws confin'd.
While Nature mourns, while mourns her pupil Art
Their faint tints fading on the ſick'ning ſight,
In adamantine chains ſhe holds the heart,
And bounds wild Fancy's roving flight;
Her charms the more enjoy'd, the more improve,
And ev'ry look ſtill more inflames our love.

Far, far above this lower ſphere,
Where moon-crown'd Mutability preſides,
Rolls the ſwift ſeaſons round the various year,
And ſwells, or ſinks the changing tides,
And bids the ſtream of life alternate flow,
Or calm with joy, or turbulent with woe,
The Goddeſs reigns—where her eternal Sire
From his own flame ſupplies her veſtal fire,
And Immortality inwreathes her head
With laurel ever-green, and flow'rs that never fade.

ODE TO DIVINE WISDOM.

Immense, all-animating Mind!
Whoſe ever-active vigour reigns
Thro' ſpace, and nature's wide domains,
By time and matter unconfin'd;
Ere yet the planets hung ſelf-pois'd in air,
Or ſtars emblaz'd the flaming ſphere,
Thou reign'dſt alone, ſelf-known, ſelf-bleſt,
Beholding in thy boundleſs breaſt
The forms and fair ideas riſe
Of future earths, and future ſkies.

There worlds to come in liquid ether roll'd;
There future ſuns array'd in gold,
O'er planetary realms ordain'd to ſway,
Diſpens'd to nations yet unborn the day;
There the red comet, thro' the deſart ſpace,
Urg'd wildly regular his blazing race.
Thou ſaw'ſt ſucceſſive ſyſtems riſe, and die,
And in harmonious order lie,
Whatever was, or is, or e'er ſhall be,
All the great ſcenes of dread Eternity.

Thou gav'ſt th' omnific word—the new-born light
Burſt from the boſom of primeval night;
O'er wond'ring Chaos glow'd the golden ray,
And choirs celeſtial hail'd the riſing day;
Obſequious planets circled round their ſun,
Their motions various, but their centre one.

Striking on Nature's ſympathetic ſtrings
From Thee, myſterious Pow'r, from Thee
Flow all th' unnumber'd modes of harmony,
And Form unfolds, and beauteous Order ſprings.
Angels with joy thy ruling word obey,
And all but Man is ſubject to thy ſway!
He from his orbit wanders lawleſs ſtill,
And owns no lord but his excentric will.
When Mortals, urg'd by driving paſſions on,
In chace of pleaſure to their ruin run,
Thou call'ſt aloud "beware!"
And feel'ſt a Mother's care,
Yearning, when on the high cliff's hanging brow,
Her child ſhe ſees unguarded ſtray,
And dare the brink in wanton play,
While pointed rocks ariſe, and billows beat below.

In vain from thy parental voice they fly,
Where Folly, trick'd in antic foppery,
Shakes her ſhrill bells with ideot face,
And thicken round the ſimp'ring Queen,
As bees, when ſummon'd by the ſounding braſs,
In duſky ſwarms are ſeen.

See Kings, and Crowds advance,
And mitred Prieſts, and Stateſmen ſage,
Green Childhood run, and creep decrepid Age,
To form her gay fantaſtic dance;
Join'd hand in hand, with Frolic wild,
And Laughter, Folly's darling child.

The rev'rend Sire, in bridal pomp array'd,
Leads on with quiv'ring hand the youthful maid,
While am'rous roſes on his wrinkles bloom;
Totters awhile the giddy circle round,
In hobbling meaſure to the frantic ſound,
Then trips into the tomb.

Now Fancy waves in air her magic wand;
A thouſand Phantoms riſe at her command,
Gilded by falſe Opinion's glaring ray,
In viſionary beauty gay.
See Glory her red ſtandard rear,
High flaming o'er her trophied car!
Ambition here her waxen pinion plies,
And in idea cleaves the clouds and ſkies,
On daring wing ſublime ſhe ſoars to fame,
Soon—ſoon to fall, and give ſome ſea a name.
There Pleaſure lolling on her roſeat bed,
Arabian odours breathing round her head,
Darts through the thrilling ſoul her wanton fire,
And melts e'en rigid Virtue to deſire.
The glitt'ring viſions ſtop the riſing Soul,
And bend her from the ſkies, her deſtin'd goal;
Eager ſhe gives the ſhining ſhadows chace,
Which tempt, and cheat by turns her fond embrace.

How vaſt the Human Soul,
Whoſe heav'n-deſcended energy aſpires,
Beyond the bounds of this ſublunar pole,
Beyond the ſolar road, and empyréan fires!

Yet this ſublime, immenſe, immortal pow'r,
When ſoaring at Heav'n's loftieſt tow'r,
Down, down a little glitt'ring clay
Can draw from its etherial way,
Or one ſoft flatt'ring luſt
Pollute its nobleſt glories in the duſt.

Ah, Man! what jarring parents form'd thy birth?
Thou child of Heav'n and Earth!
Nature ſo mixt, what reaſon ſhall define!
Half brutal, half divine!
Thus fabled Demigods renown'd of yore,
Whom Mortal Beauties to Immortals bore,
By deeds of glorious fame
Prov'd the high ſource from whence their virtues came;
While in their frailties ſtill appear'd to view,
The features of the Mortal Mother too.

Reaſon, that beam of Heav'n, by Heav'n aſſign'd
To raiſe the fruits of virtue in the mind,
Receiv'd by wretched Man's perverted will,
Shines to no uſe—or only ſhines to ill.
Thus oft the Solar ray
Gilds but the muddy lake, or barren clay,
Or only warms the richer ſoil to breed
The plant of poiſon, and the worthleſs weed,
Or in the covert of the prickly brake
Inflames with fiercer rage the deadly ſnake.

The Paſſions ſway—the tyrants of the Soul,
Deaf to advice, diſdainful of controul,

Break ev'ry tie, and leap o'er ev'ry bound,
And with blind ardor rage, and madden round.
Hence the rough tempeſt, hence the waves of woe,
That whelm the world below,
Extort the Poor man's plaint, the Widow's cry,
And draw from Miſery th' inceſſant ſigh.
The luſt of Lucre and the luſt of Pow'r
Still prowl, like wolves, to plunder, and devour,
Or Demons ruſhing from th' infernal cell,
To make this beauteous world another Hell.

While Man thus devious ſtrays
In Folly's dance, or Fancy's fairy maze;
While in the raging ſeas of Paſſion toſt,
His nobler powers are loſt;
O to thy ſacred ſeat,
Celeſtial Wiſdom! lead my wand'ring feet,
And to my view unveil the beams, that ſhine
Around thy ſun-bright ſhrine.
'Tis thine to form the God;
The nectar thine, and thine th' ambroſial food,
Which keep th' Etherials deathleſs, and divine.

'Tis thine the tender infant Mind to mould,
And ſpread her op'ning pow'rs,
Like vernal ſuns, that nurſe the new blown flow'rs,
And in full glow their bluſhing bloom unfold.
'Tis thine her intellectual growth to feed
With ſacred truth, and ſentiment refin'd,
To prompt the noble ends, that Heav'n deſign'd,
The godlike purpoſe, and the gen'rous deed.

When growing, rip'ning, on ſhe feels at length
Her full-fledg'd pinions, and immortal ſtrength,
By thee her rapid plumes are pois'd for flight;
Then to the ſource of beauty, bliſs, and light
She lifts aloft her eagle eye,
And ſoars, and brightens to Divinity.

TO DIVINE LOVE.

Hail Love Divine! Ere glow'd the golden ſky,
Ere yet the Cherub's harp was tun'd on high,
Or flam'd the Seraph's fire—thou mad'ſt abode
In the bleſt boſom of thy Parent God.
In that great inſtant of Eternity,
When his dread will decreed, that time ſhou'd be,
He bound heav'n, earth, and main
In thy immenſe, immortal, magic chain.
Thy Spirit, breathing thro' the boundleſs Whole,
Gave form to matter, energy to ſoul.
From thee thy heav'n's eternal raptures flow;
And all of beauty, all of bliſs below.

Yet while in ſweet accordant meaſures move
The planetary choirs above;
While all to one great center draw
Of Love, their univerſal law;
Shall Violence, that ſcorns a bound,
Still waſte this mourning world around?
Shall rebel Vice make void the grand deſign,
And wild Diſorder break the plan divine?

The Muſe's ear what clangors wound
Of claſhing arms from far!
From diſtant ſhores what diſmal ſound
The burden'd echos bear!

The helpleſs Virgin's agonizing cries,
The Widow's ſhrieks, that rend the ſkies,
Bid Pity's tear to flow.
At ſcenes of varied miſery diſtreſt
Deep ſighs the ſympathetic breaſt,
And feels for others woe.

For mad Ambition ſee—with Hell combin'd;
To cruſh the rights and freedom of Mankind
In dread array ſhe ranks her furious hoſt.
As when the fierce Tornado ſweeps
The Caribbean deeps,
And ſtrews a thouſand keels along the foaming coaſt,
Heav'n thunders—bellows ocean—ſhakes the ſhore,
From iſle to iſle reſounds the loud rough roar,
Wild Deſolation ruſhes o'er the land,
And giant Horror ſtrides from ſtrand to ſtrand.

Thus ruſhing onward on her clatt'ring car,
She ſounds aloud the rage-inciting ſong,
And leads the Fiends along.
Rapine, with harpy fangs, wide-waſting War,
That lets her bloodhounds looſe to range before,
On human fleſh to feed, and lap the gore,
Deſpotic Sway, relentleſs as the ſtorms,
And ghaſtly Death, in all his thouſand forms.
At her approach the beams of Science fade,
Freedom, and Honour fall, and Virtue hides her head.
See her red banners blazing to the ſky!
Embattled legions round them bleed and die.

See, ſee her flaming ſword diſplay'd!
O'er the green land ſhe waves the blade,
And o'er the ſilver flood;
With horrid devaſtation wide
Blaſts all the champain's blooming pride,
And turns the ſtream to blood.

How waſte and deſolate that fair domain,
Where golden Plenty ſmil'd upon the plain,
And Peace and Freedom held their ſocial reign!
How mute the chearing muſic of the groves,
The Shepherd's whiſtle wild, and ruſtic loves,
To his coy Damſel caroll'd without art,
Yet warm, and guiltleſs from a guileleſs heart!
Now ſilent treads the Swain, with liſt'ning ears,
In ev'ry brake a lurking foe he fears;
Starts the pale trembling Maid
At burniſh'd lances glitt'ring in the ſhade!

Hark! the loud war-whoop howls from yonder wood,
Shakes ev'ry nerve, and chills the freezing blood!
From diſtant villages the flames aſpire,
Glare on the ſtreams, and ſet the ſkies on fire.
Swift as the panting deer
From the keen hound, and ruthleſs hunter's ſpear,
The wretched relics of the ſlaughter fly,
Ruſhing thro' driving ſnow-ſtorms, wing'd with fear,
To woods and deſerts drear,
Beneath the fury of the wintry ſky,
There houſeleſs, ſhiv'ring to the frozen air,
Pine the ſlow prey of hunger, and deſpair.

'Tis ſolitude—'tis terror all around!
Grim-viſag'd Murder ſtalks along the ground,
And dying groans are heard, and ſavage yells reſound!
Revenge, in woody glooms conceal'd from day,
Couch'd, like a tiger, waits the unwary prey,
Then ſudden ſpringing with his brandiſh'd dart
Tears from the mangled breaſt the quiv'ring heart.

Nor blameleſs Youth's fair-blooming years,
Nor palſied age can pity find,
Nor female grace, nor Beauty's pleading tears
To ought of mercy melt the ſavage mind,
Stern ſtands the dire Aſſaſſin;—" Spare, O ſpare
" That infant innocence!"—in vain the pray'r!
In vain the Mother's pangs, and piercing cries!
Fixt on the bloody point it writhes, and dies!

Heav'n! is thy vengeance then a ſounding name?
Sleep all thy thunders? quench'd is all thy flame?
Shall bold Oppreſſion ſtill defy
The wrath, and juſtice of the ſky?
No! there's an awful hour,
When injur'd Innocence ſhall mourn no more.
This doom Eternal Juſtice has decreed,
" Proportion'd wrath to ev'ry guilty deed."

Tremble, ye Deſpots! thron'd in idol ſtate,
Like Pagan Demons, miſchievouſly great,
Drunk with ambition, by no ties confin'd,
Who turn the Furies looſe to ſcourge mankind,

With ſlaughter'd myriads load the crimſon'd ground,
And fling the brands of deſolation round;
Who, like the Lybian ſun's deſtructive rays,
Rage o'er a waſted realm, and burn, wheree'er ye blaze!

Amid the pleaſures of the genial hour,
The glare of grandeur, and the pride of pow'r,
Know, that th' Avenging Angel waits on high
Th' Almighty's final frown;
The bolt already kindles in the ſky
To blaſt your blooming wreaths, and daſh your glories down.
What tho' triumphal monuments ye raiſe
To make immortal your deteſted praiſe,
What tho' to heav'n's empyrial vault aſpire
Your gilded domes with rival ſplendors crown'd,
Soon, ſoon Deſtruction, with her tongue of fire
Shall lick them from the ground.

Father of all! whoſe univerſal care
The greateſt, meaneſt natures ſhare,
Whoſe goodneſs on an equal plan
Regards the Seraph, and the Man,
Whoſe awful fiat from primeval night
Call'd order, beauty, life, and light,
And matter, motion, form, and mind
In one amazing whole combin'd,
O! from thy ſtar-emblazon'd throne
Upon a waſted world look down,
A world, thy hand with rich abundance bleſt,
And rob'd in Beauty's radiant veſt!

Which when thine eye delighted view'd,
And ſaw thy own ideas there,
Sublimely great, or ſweetly fair,
Thy ſov'reign word pronounc'd it *good!*

Ariſe at length in thy reſiſtleſs might!
Ariſe in Liberty's and Virtue's right!
Silence wild Diſcord's loud frenetic ſound,
That ſhakes the world around!
Sweep from the earth thoſe prowling dogs of war,
And ſtrike the Tyrant from his trophied car!
In her own Hell's eternal fetters bind
Blood-ſtain'd Ambition, foe to human-kind!

Bid from her azure ſeat deſcend
Sweet Charity, the gen'ral Friend,
With gentle influence to controul
The fury-paſſions of the ſoul:
Her warm benevolence impart,
The gen'rous aim, the feeling heart,
The tender ſympathetic ſigh,
And the ſoft dews of Pity's eye.

Break Superſtition's magic ſpell,
And drive the gloomy Demon down
In her own native ſhades to frown
With Horror, Cruelty, and Hell;
May Piety her rights regain,
And o'er according nations reign!

Attendant on her ſov'reign ſtate
May all the daughter Virtues wait!
May earth, and all her hundred ſeas,
Become one Temple of thy praiſe,
The glorious dwelling of thy Grace,
And Britain be its Holieſt Place!

ODE TO RELIGION.

FAIREST Daughter of the ſky!
On whoſe majeſtic brow
Divine unutterable glories glow,
While round thy roſy lip, and placid eye,
Love and the ſmiling Graces ever play,
Temp'ring the blaze of thy eternal day—
Religion, hail! Thou ſource of hallow'd fires,
Joys ever pure, and ſanctified deſires!

Beneath the brown-rob'd wood,
Where Contemplation ſits in muſing mood,
Sooth'd by the hollow gales, and falling flood,
What time the ſun to other realms is roll'd,
And Eve's bright tints of purple and of gold
Faint ſlowly from the weſtern ſkies away,
While Cynthia's milder face
Shoots thro' th' unfolding clouds a ſilver ray,
And o'er the landſcape ſheds a ſofter grace,
Far from the world's deluſive ſcene I fly
To woo thee from thy native ſphere,
To catch the beamings of thy heav'n-bright eye,
Thou pleaſing awful Fair!

There oft methinks I hear the ſtreams along
The melody of thy mellifluous ſong,
Whoſe tuneful whiſperings ſuſpend the ſoul,
And ev'ry power in pleas'd attention lull,

Like thoſe high airs of a ſuperior ſphere
Which thrill'd in Adam's fond delighted ear,
While favour'd yet with Innocence to rove
In Eden's bliſsful grove;
Liſt'ning, while the guardian Quire
To ſacred raptures touch'd the heav'nly lyre,
Where'er he trod entranc'd, above, around,
He heard the ſolemn, ſweet, ecſtatic ſound;
Now the bold notes in loftier meaſures play'd,
In ſoften'd tones now warbled thro' the ſhade,
And fill'd with melody the midnight vale;
Now languiſhing away
In gradual, ſlow decay,
Died on th' expiring gale.

O now be preſent, ſky-rob'd Maid,
In thy divineſt ſmiles array'd!
Now let my boſom feel thy power,
And conſecrate this ſolemn hour,
When freed from buſy ſcenes, and noiſe,
I ſeek thy ſoul-reviving joys!
To outward ſhews averſe, of praiſes ſhy,
Thou veil'ſt thy beauties from the public eye;
Thy charms the Wiſe in calm retirement own,
Still lov'd, and valued more, the more they're known.
'Tis thine ſecure the fickle heart to guide,
And keep the paſſions ſtill on Reaſon's ſide,
To clear from error's miſt the mental ſight,
Refine our joys and ſanctify delight,
Eaſe the ſharp pangs of pain, our griefs aſſuage,
Embelliſh youth, and dignify our age,

To godlike excellence exalt mankind,
And ſtamp her Maker's image on the mind.

O bleſt, whoſe Soul thy vivid beauties charm,
Thy aims ennoble, and thy raptures warm!
He taſtes of bliſs below,
Which wealth cou'd never buy, nor grandeur know.
His is the ſmiling Saint's unruffled reſt,
His the pure flame, that burns the Seraph's breaſt.
For him meand'ring from the eternal throne
Heav'n's ever-living rills of pleaſure run:
For him ſhe opens all her ſecret bow'rs,
Brightens her ſkies, and culls unfading flow'rs.

When dire Ambition calls the world to arms,
And frantic Diſcord ſounds her loud alarms,
While ſwell'd from realm to realm, from ſhore to ſhore,
O'er half the globe her peals of horror roar,
And like a ſlumb'ring lion from his lair
Arouſe the Fiend of war,
Their noiſe no more diſturbs his tranquil joy,
Than peeviſh infants ſtriving for a toy.
In vain the world's tumultuous billows roll
To ſhake his ſtedfaſt Soul,
Which in the breaſt enthron'd, erect, ſerene,
Defies the fury of the foaming main.
Bleſt Genii thus, who range the fields of day,
No wrecks of matter wound—unhurt they ſtray
Thro' ſpheres of fire—and borne ſecure on high,
While the rude whirlwinds ruſh around the ſky,

Hear the hoarſe thunders roar without amaze,
And ſport amid the living lightning's blaze.

Come then, propitious to my pray'rs, inſpire
The godlike ſentiment, the gen'rous aim.
From thy bright altar's unextinguiſh'd fire
Dart thro' my fervid breaſt the heav'nly flame,
To raiſe my pow'rs, my paſſions to refine,
'Till the droſs working by degrees away
Shall leave th' immortal ether pure, divine,
To riſe, and mingle with its native day.
O ſtill thro' Life's pernicious ſnares,
And waſting toils, and pining cares,
Smooth the rough road, my griefs beguile,
And make e'en pain and anguiſh ſmile.
And when I tread thro' Death's dread gloom,
While Nature trembles o'er the tomb,
Bid radiant beams of mercy riſe,
And ſoften my expiring ſighs.

ON RETIREMENT.

FAR from the cares that vex the world's repoſe,
Here on my moſſy couch I reſt ;
Reflection's limpid tide ſerenely flows,
And no rough paſſions bluſter in my breaſt.
The vernal bloom, that purples o'er the vales,
This flow'ring arbour fann'd by cooling gales,
The grove's wild warblings, and the chidings ſhrill
Of the rude ſtreams, that wander at their will,
And hill, and dale, and foreſt, lake, and lawn,
And light, and ſhade, in ſweet confuſion thrown,
Delight the ſoul to penſiveneſs inclin'd,
And ſooth to ſolemn thought the muſing mind.

Here in theſe peaceful ſcenes,
Daughter of GOD, indulgent Nature reigns,
Divinely fair! as when her infant brows
From the wild waves of teeming Chaos roſe,
When choral Angels with a pleas'd ſurprize
Hail'd the young luſtre ſparkling in her eyes,
And in her radiant form, and lovely face,
Saw their own heav'n with full reflected grace.
Here ſtill th' etherial Maid,
In Beauty's ſweet ſimplicity array'd,
Forms her imperial crown with ſylvan flow'rs,
And for her palace weaves her woodbine bow'rs.

Or on the ſummit of yon mountain hoar,
Lull'd by the cadence deep
Of howling winds, that thro' the foreſt roar,
And rumbling torrents ruſhing down the ſteep,
She ſits enthron'd—around her azure head
Low low'ring clouds their ſolemn grandeur ſpread.
Or now confeſt in full unclouded day,
Crown'd with the ſplendors of the noontide ray,
She ſhines in ſtate—majeſtically plain,
A pomp, which Pride would imitate in vain.

Now to the Weſt, while glides her ſinking ſun,
She culls her colours of the brighteſt hue,
Contraſted, blended, varying to the view,
And pours their mingled glories round his throne.
While on her wat'ry mirror we behold
Her imag'd charms in fair reflected dyes,
Green wave the groves, in azure gleam the ſkies,
And float the clouds, in fleecy volumes roll'd
That glow in roſy red, and flame in gold.

The Virtues, happy from within, diſdain
Thoſe toys of empty ſtate, that pleaſe the vain,
To ſhine with Fortune on her glitt'ring car,
Trimm'd round with ribbons, blazon'd with a ſtar;
Still ſhy their modeſt beauties to diſplay
In the full blaze of Grandeur's golden day;
They dread of Courts the peſtilential air,
And fly the ſerpent brood, that harbour there.
Life's low ſequeſter'd walk delights them more,
Rich in content, however ſmall their ſtore.

Vot'ries of Nature, by her murm'ring rill,
O'er her green lawns, or in her bow'ring wood,
Down her ſlope vales, or up her high-brow'd hill,
They trace in varied forms the Sov'reign Good;
Within their little ſpheres diſpenſe
Their beneficial influence,
Like yonder ſtream, that from a ſource conceal'd
Plenty and bloom diffuſes o'er the field;
And pleas'd with ſilent ſelf-approving joy,
Strangers to Fame and Envy live, and die.

For Virtue's ſtill the ſame obſcure, or known,
Hid in a cot, or blazing on a throne:
Clad in her ruſtic garb, and mean attire,
The proud may ſcorn her, but the wiſe admire.
More grand and awful in the public ſcene
She acts with conſcious dignity the Queen!
In humbler life ſhe charms with gentler pow'r,
And, while ſhe awes us leſs, ſhe pleaſes more.
While high on Lebanon's aerial brow
The cedar's tall majeſtic honours grow,
The pride, and glory of the ſylvan race,
The Lily in her lowly bed,
That coyly bends her beauteous head,
Has her peculiar grace.

THE COMPLAINT.

What Fate, or Chance combin'd
Such various ills to vex our wretched kind,
Among the creatures eminently curſt,
In reaſon, rank, and miſery the firſt?
Ah, Life! deceitful good!
A rain-bow radiance colour'd on a cloud!
Fair is thy dawn, and mild thy riſing morn,
Which purple beams of dewy light adorn,
Soft-breathing Zephyrs waft thee on thy way,
And round the Graces dance, and Pleaſures play:
But tempeſts ſoon diſturb the ſweet Serene,
O'er-ſhade the ſkies, and ſadden all the ſcene.
Fond Hope deludes us ſtill with bliſs to come;
But, ah! her bloſſoms periſh e'en in bloom;
Her roſy-glowing joys but gleam, and die;
While diſappointment, pain, and grief, and fear
Cloud the gay brow, and force the ſtarting tear,
And rend the tortur'd breaſt, and ſwell the ſigh.

Where's then thy glory, where thy boaſted pow'r!
Great Lord of all below!
Endued with finer ſenſe to feel the more,
The dupe of Error, and the ſport of Woe.
Condemn'd to doubt, to ſorrow, and to pain,
Is Man then made in vain?

Did Heav'n the godlike boon of Reaſon give
To tell him he is wretched, not relieve?
To high perfection bid his hopes aſpire,
Only to pine with unappeas'd deſire?
And with illuſive hopes his fancy cheat,
To make his miſery the more compleat?

Thus while I bade my penſive lyre complain
In a ſad deſponding ſtrain,
By the tempeſt-beaten ſhore,
Where a rock's projected brow
Caſt a ſolemn gloom below,
And the rude wave's ſullen roar
To melancholy thoughts inclin'd
A care-tormented mind,
Methought my viſionary Genius roſe,
Severe reproof ſate low'ring in his look;
Flam'd the bright glories round his awful brows,
And while he ſternly ſpoke,
Deep thunders bellow'd thro' the blue profound,
Loud howl'd the hollow caves, and ſhook the ſhades around.

Forbear, raſh Man, forbear!
While yet thy rebel head the thunders ſpare;
Ere yet the dread avengers of their Lord,
The lightnings hear th' irrevocable word
To blaſt that impious thought,
Which dares to charge Perfection with a fault.

Go, range the ſtars in order more divine,
And bid the planets leave their deſtin'd line;

Bid the fierce flame thy ruling hand obey,
Now hide in ſullen ſhades, and now reſtore the day;
Round ocean raiſe thy adamantine mound,
And tell the foaming waves—"be this your bound;"
The ſwelling ſtorms aſſwage,
And bid the thunders, when to reſt, or rage,
Wield Heav'n's own bolt, ſhake Nature with thy nod,
Then mount his throne, and dictate to thy God.

But know—behind his clouded ſhrine conceal'd,
In dread impenetrable darkneſs veil'd,
Repoſe the mighty Myſteries of Fate;
There young Events their full-grown pinions wait,
'Till, by th' Eternal ſummon'd into light,
They wing their downward flight,
To act his high decrees on Man below,
To chear with bleſſings, or to ſink with woe.
There Seraphs ſtand around with ſilent awe,
Nor dare the interdicted curtain draw.

But Man, vain Man! that reptile worm of earth,
Juſt from his kindred nothing crawl'd to birth,
Blind as his brother Mole, preſumes to pry
Beyond the limits of an Angel's eye:
Borne on the waxen wings of pride
Forbidden tracts he dares explore;
With hood-wink'd Ignorance his guide
See him towards Heav'n's eternal turrets ſoar!
But Heav'n's inſuperable height
Still mocks his weary wings, and feeble flight.

This World is Virtue's School, ordain'd by Fate
To train, and form her for a nobler ſtate.
The couch of Eaſe, and Pleaſure's roſeat bow'rs
Retard her progreſs, and unnerve her pow'rs;
But toil, and pain, and ſorrow's ſmarting rod
The ſoft allurements of the ſenſe controul,
Correct ill habits, and confirm the good,
And rouſe to vivid act her ſlumb'ring ſoul.
Above theſe petty ſcenes of hopes, and fears,
Of joys, and cares, of laughter, and of tears,
They point her flight to yon empyreal plains,
Where Bliſs unmix'd, immenſe, immortal reigns,
Where Glory round the patient Victor's brow
Twines her bright wreath, and bids it ever glow.

And ſhall the little care and pain
Of this ſhort tranſitory ſcene,
Its terrors and its toils combin'd,
Subdue her heav'n-born energy of mind?
No—while with glowing heart and kindling eyes
She views the high eternal prize,
To which her aims aſpire,
The ſtorms and thunders of the world in vain
Would rage her courage to reſtrain,
Her ſteadfaſt hope to tire.
Triumphant riſing to her bright abode,
Like the Great Prophet to his God,
She'll mount amid the whirlwind and the fire.
Then follow Virtue—leave to Heav'n the reſt—
Submit, obey, be patient, and be bleſt.

PEACE OF MIND.

AN ODE.

SWEET Peace, divinely mild!
Fair Innocence's child!
With looks of rapture ſuch as Seraphs wear,
Come, graceful in thy hand
Waving thine olive wand,
And ſpeaking melody, that charms Deſpair!
Come, and my paſſions' buſy ſtrife controul,
Breathe thy ſoft airs, and ſmooth my ruffled ſoul!

Here, while at Contemplation's fav'rite hour,
The meek-ey'd Eve, what time the ling'ring light
Yet glimmers o'er the ſable of the night,
I feel thy ſoothing pow'r,
Be ev'ry blaſt, that ſhakes the rocking wood,
Howls o'er the hill, and plows the furrow'd flood,
Huſh'd into reſt; let Cynthia's ſober beam
Shed o'er the calm expanſe a ſilver gleam,
And o'er the groves, and meads, and ſlumb'ring main,
Deep ſolemn ſilence reign:
Save let the Zephyrs breathe,
Among the ruſhes whiſpering beneath;
Save let the wild notes of the rippling rill
In melancholy muſic tremble ſtill;
And in hoarſe murmur roar, the vales around,
The diſtant cataract's inceſſant ſound.

Thou ſhunn'ſt Ambition's proud tumultuous heart,
Plotting to counteract ſome rival's art,
From project ſtill to project toſt,
'Till in the wild confuſion loſt;
Or tott'ring on the pinnacle of pow'r
On Fortune's airy ſteep,
While the rude ſtorms, and thunders round him roar,
And trembling, leſt the ſwelling blaſt ſhould ſweep
His glories to the foaming deep.

Vile Avarice, immur'd, alone,
With midnight watches worn to bone,
Starting at ev'ry ſound he hears,
And turning pale with fancied fears;
Wan Jealouſy with ſquinting eyes,
And liſt'ning ears, and louring brow,
That in each nook, and corner pries,
Exploring, what he dreads to know;
And Envy, that with anguiſh keen
Feels the dire vulture gnaw within;
Dog-ey'd Reſentment's boiling breaſt,
And pining Diſcontent, unbleſt
In full fruition, aſk thy aid in vain,
For thou art ſtill of Virtue's train.

To thee in vain the Tyrant prays,
To give his anxious boſom eaſe;
Invoking ſleep's averted pow'r
On the gilt couch he lays his aching head,
But black Suſpicion haunts the midnight hour,
And frowning Demons flit around the bed.

Now muſic's tuneful charm he tries
To cloſe his reſt-forſaken eyes,
In all her modes of varied harmony,
And bids the plaintive lute conſpire
With the full-reſounding lyre,
To chear his madding mind with temper'd melody.

Borne aloft on rapture's tide
With ſounding vigour now the numbers roll;
Tender tones now gently glide,
And melt, and ſooth the ſoften'd ſoul.
" Peace! peace! perturbed breaſt!
" Let this ſweet deſcant lull thee to thy reſt."
It will not be—Then ſtrike a bolder ſound
Let the horn's mellow note
In air wildly float,
And wake the ſhrill echos around:
Or call the gay Graces, and laughing-eyed Pleaſures
To trip hand in hand to the pipe's merry meaſures.
But, ah! each Maſter-hand in vain
Raiſes, ſwells, or ſinks the ſtrain;
All is jarring joyleſs din
To the mind untun'd within;
Still gnawing cares, and guilty fears forbid
Lethean dew to light upon his lid.

" Vengeance!" ſtern-eyed Conſcience calls —
How the ſound his heart appalls!
See he ſtarts, and ſtares around!
Ghaſtly forms of guilt ariſe,
Gory Ghoſts with piteous cries,
Pointing to the bleeding wound.

" What's that face of anguiſh there,
" Pale as its ſurrounding ſhroud ?
" What that dagger, ſhap'd in air,
" Crimſon'd with a Brother's blood ?"
Wild his burſting eye-balls roll ;
Upright ſtands his briſtled hair ;
Horror ſhakes his inmoſt ſoul,
Keen Remorſe, and grim Deſpair.
Again he ſtrives his leaden eye to cloſe,
And care-worn nature fain wou'd ſeek repoſe ;
" Vengeance !" the ſtern Tormentor howls again,
And a new horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein.

Where then may Peace erect her ſtedfaſt throne ?
Within the pure, the pious breaſt alone,
Whoſe gentle paſſions, harmoniz'd by love,
Are link'd to Man below, to God above :
Spite of the boaſt of Luxury, and Pride,
Within that narrow round—
And only there—her Paradiſe is found,
'Tis all a waſte and deſert world beſide.
There ſmiling bands of watchful Angels wait
To guard her tranquil bow'rs and bliſsful ſtate,
And from the hallow'd limits drive afar
The Furies of the Soul, and buſy Fiends of Care.

O bleſt the Man ! whoſe aims and ardors riſe
On Faith's ſtrong pinions ſoaring to the ſkies ;
Yet, while converſing here with want and woe,
Acts the good Miniſter of Heav'n below.

The poor reliev'd, the widow's wrongs redreſt,
The darken'd mind illum'd with heav'nly day,
The ſympathies, that ſooth the burden'd breaſt,
And wipe Affliction's tear away,
Theſe ſhall like fragrant incenſe riſe,
Heav'n's ſweet accepted ſacrifice.
Theſe on the friendly gen'rous mind
Will draw God's choiceſt bleſſings down;
He'll mercy ſhow for mercies ſhown,
And ſtill be kindeſt to the kind.

FORTUNE AND VIRTUE CONTRASTED.

What crouds with envy and amaze
On Fortune's gilded minion wait!
While Flatt'ry weaves her venal bays
To deify a Calf of State.
Thus when in high proceſſion led along,
Crown'd with freſh garlands 'mid the gazing throng,
Egyptian Apis low'd,
The ſhouting People hail'd the preſent God;
At night uncrown'd, ungarniſh'd, and undreſt,
His laughing Prieſthood ſaw him but a Beaſt!

Nor need we envy thoſe that claim
The favours of the fickle Dame,
She flatters moſt the man ſhe means to cheat;
The Wiſe her treach'rous preſents ſhun,
But Fools believe, and are undone,
Nor know the barb beneath the ſhining bait.
She bids high-brow'd Ambition leave the land,
And with propitious gales
Drives o'er the boundleſs deep her ſwelling ſails,
Only to drown her farther from the ſtrand.
Yet ſtill miſtaken men admire
Her fatal toys, and glitt'ring ſnares;
For theſe, delirious with deſire,
They weary Heav'n with ceaſeleſs pray'rs.

Which he, ſupremely wiſe,
Here grants in vengeance, there in love denies.

Fortune may bid her golden circle glow
Majeſtic on the Monarch's brow,
Trick up a witleſs Lord with borrow'd glare,
And kindle on his breaſt a tranſitory ſtar,
Yet cou'd her boaſted ſplendors e'er impart
Senſe to the head, or merit to the heart?
But modeſt Virtue borrows nought from ſtate,
Draws from herſelf her grandeur, and her grace,
Illuſtrious, noble, great,
Without a title, or a place.
She ſcorns the gaudy toys by Monarchs given;
Her honours are deriv'd from Heav'n.

O come, propitious Goddeſs! deign to dwell
Within this rural ſhade, and ſimple cell!
There in a comely choir within
May all thy happy train be ſeen,
Calm paſſions, cheerful Hopes, Deſires refin'd,
Friendſhip's warm glow, and Love to Human-kind!
Come with thy bleſt aſſociate of the ſkies,
Fair Faith, with pinions ever-ſtretch'd to riſe,
Catching ſome radiance from the world to come,
Of my declining days to gild the gloom;
As ev'ning ſuns, e'er yet they ſink in night,
Streak the gay clouds with gleams of purple light!
Here draw thy ſacred circle round,
And bleſs, and conſecrate the ground,

And from the hallow'd bounds exclude
All but thy favour'd few, the Wiſe, and Good.

Here ſeated on my moſſy throne,
I'd rule my mind, that kingdom of my own;
Or muſe the murmur of the rills along
In raptur'd thought, and build ſome ſolemn ſong;
Or borne on Contemplation's wings on high
To the bright walls, that bound my native ſky,
Above Ambition's rage, and Folly's din,
I'd mark from far the buſtle of the Great,
The various turns of changing Fate,
Nor envy thoſe that win.

Thus on the hanging cliff ſecure, the Swain
Views the vext ſurface of the ſtormy main,
And while beneath the boiſt'rous ſurges roar,
Laſh the white rocks, and foam upon the ſhore,
Beholds the wave-toſt bark with pitying eyes,
With pity hears the helpleſs Pilot's cries:
Nor wou'd exchange his lowly lot,
His humble crook and ruſtic cot,
To tempt th' uncertain gales and faithleſs tides,
For all the glitt'ring gems and gold,
That either India's bowels hold,
Or Ocean's greedy boſom hides.

For gems, and gold, with all their dazzling glare,
Can they compoſe the troubled breaſt of Care?

Extract of keen Remorſe the rankling dart;
Eaſe the ſharp pang, and heal the wounded heart?
Are theirs the conſcious peace, the bliſs refin'd,
That ſooths, and fills, and dignifies the mind?
The freezing wretch might genial warmth as ſoon
Draw from the frigid gleamings of the moon.
No, the Soul's ſun-ſhine, and the calm divine
Are, Virtue! only thine.

ODE TO NIGHT.

Sunk is the ſun, and on yon mountain-head
Hangs the laſt gleam of the declining day;
Fades ev'ry landſcape—deepens ev'ry ſhade;
The clouds, late golden, now are rob'd in gray.

And thine is now the rule, imperial Night!
All mildly ſitt'ſt thou on thy ſhad'wy throne;
While Superſtition, ſeiz'd with ſelf-affright,
Throws o'er thy brows a horror all her own.

Now to her monſter-breeding brain appear
Viſions of woe, and hideous forms of fear,
And ſigns, and portents, boding ills to come;
And flame-ey'd Goblins gliding o'er the green,
And murder'd Ghoſts with bleeding wounds are ſeen,
And ſcreech-owls heard, that tell her of the tomb.

But muſing Wiſdom ſeeks thy friendly ſhade,
To her more grateful than the glare of noon.
She loves thy ſober ſolemn charms array'd
With the pale glories of the penſive Moon.

Fatigu'd with pleaſures, or with cares oppreſt,
Tir'd of the Proud, the Vicious, and the Vain,
How joys my Soul, when wheel'd beneath the weſt
Sinks the gay ſun, and hails thy gentler reign!

Impertinence's buz, and buſy wings,
Envy's loud hiſs, and fly Detraction's ſtings,
The taunts of Inſolence, the Wretch's woes,
The ſtir and ſtrife of Fortune and her tools,
The roar of Riot, and the laugh of Fools,
No longer interrupt her lov'd repoſe.

Then Wiſdom clears her intellectual eyes,
And elevates her aims to things Divine,
Bids all the choir of Mental Graces riſe,
Bids all the charms of Moral Beauty ſhine.

Silent are now the groves; no ſylvan throat
Tunes its wild deſcant, but the hoot I hear
Of the lone owl, tho' no melodious note,
Yet pleaſing ſtill to Contemplation's ear.

The ſtars bright-ſparkling o'er th' etherial way,
The moon's mild gleams, that ever quiv'ring play
On the light rills, that warble, as they wind,
Gales hollow-roaring, hoarſe-reſounding woods,
Rude hanging rocks, dread ſhades, and daſhing floods,
Exalt, and ſooth, and harmonize the mind.

Then every rude emotion ſinks to reſt,
In gentler flow the tides of paſſion roll,
A ſolemn calm ſteals o'er the ſoften'd breaſt,
And philoſophic tranſport ſwells the Soul.

O'er Nature's ample field her Fancy ſtrays,
Thence her rich ſtore of form, and colour brings,
With curious art combin'd a thouſand ways,
And paints her beauteous images of things.

Now wantons wild in aromatic groves,
Now the lone heath, and howling foreſt roves,
Penſive, and liſt'ning to the ſighs of woe;
Now ſits ſublime on Alpine heights enthron'd,
'Mid the red blaze of lightnings flaſhing round,
And hears redoubled thunders roll below.

Now Horror's ſhade ſhe ſeeks, and central cave,
Her ghaſtly-viſag'd Ghoſts, and floods of fire,
Now joys in empyrean light to lave,
And catch new rapture from the Seraph's lyre.

Then welcome Night! thou awful pleaſing Fair!
While the Moon ſeems along the clouds to ſail,
Which round her throne like fleecy flakes appear,
And now half hide her radiance, now reveal.

Pride wants the ſun her plumage to diſplay,
A Soul ſublime from no material ray
Draws her rich ſplendors, or imbibes her joy;
Reaſon's clear beam, and Virtue's flame divine
Shall with their own eternal glories ſhine,
When worlds and ſuns in endleſs darkneſs die.

And thou, Great Father! guard my ſleeping hours,
Bid the wild war of ſtriving paſſions ceaſe,
Compoſe in pleaſing harmony my pow'rs,
And o'er my throbbing boſom breathe thy peace.

Thrice happy Souls, who thy protection ſhare!
Virtue in thy paternal arms at reſt
Securely lies, as ſtranger yet to fear
The ſuckling ſlumbers on its mother's breaſt.

Spirits, that hurl the thunders down the ſky,
Or drive the chariot of the ſtorms on high,
And ſhake o'er trembling Guilt the fiery rod,
Oft bid their vengeful rage the Pious ſpare;
E'en flames amid the gen'ral wreck revere,
And paſs untouch'd, thoſe Temples of their God.

THE FALL OF ZION.

A LYRIC POEM.

" It comes—it comes—the mighty day!
" The mighty day of wrath and woe!
" Slaughter, Havock ſpeed their way!
" Yawns the gulph of Hell below!
" 'Tis paſt—the juſt—the dread decree!
" Zion! wide it yawns for Thee!
" Soon among the Giant Dead *,
" Whom ten-fold chains of darkneſs hold,
" By the wild wave whelm'd of old,
" Low muſt lie thy haughty head.
" What ſcenes of horror open on my eye!
" I ſee the ſpear of Vengeance pois'd on high,
" With the red lightning wing'd—her creſt of fire,
" Her ſword with anguiſh edg'd—her arrows tipt with ire."

" Doſt thou, ſtill blazing in imperial pride,
" On pomp's refulgent car ſublimely ride,
" Stop to the widow's plaint th' obdurate ear,
" And mock the moaning orphan's tear;

* The Jews ſeem to have had a notion that the Rephaim or Giants, men of great ſtature and ſtrength, who filled the earth with violence before the flood, and were overwhelmed in that general deſtruction, were impriſoned in Sheol in chains of darkneſs, reſerved to the judgment. To which may allude Job, c. xxvi. 4. Gr. verſion, and Chald. which ſeems to be more proper than our own, which indeed is not very intelligible. The other verſions alſo agree with the Greek: Vulg. " ecce gigantes gemunt."

" Or laugh at eaſe in joy's luxuriant bow'r,
" While the briſk viol chears the feſtal hour ;
" Or drain from bowls of gold the ſparkling wine,
" The boaſt of Lebanon's, or Helbon's vine ;
" Or on the downy Tyrian bed,
" Sabean odours breathing round thy head,
" Give thy warm wiſhes looſe to wanton love ?
" Know, tho' thy daring thoughts deſpiſe
" The Sage's voice, the Prophet's cries,
" There's thunder, and a God above."

'Twas thus, by Salem's hallow'd ſide,
In plaintive Notes a Prophet ſung,
Where Kedron's gloomy waters ling'ring glide
Thro' the deep dale with ſhaggy ſhades o'erhung.
Oft turn'd with ſad preſage his ſtreaming eyes,
Where the famed Temple's awful domes appear,
High o'er the ſteep diffuſe a golden glare,
And ſwell their rival grandeur to the ſkies.
His Brethren round, oppreſt with equal fears,
Catch from each other's eyes contagious tears.

Long in deep ſilence ſigh'd the penſive band,
'Till with new rapture touch'd, the ſacred Sire,
Starting, with a haſty hand,
Snatch'd again the ſounding lyre.
Then, fill'd with all the God,
Thro' ev'ry vein diviner ardour glow'd ;
Roll'd his fierce eye-balls, ſwell'd his heaving breaſt,
By th' eceſtatic pow'r oppreſt ;

His fingers then with careleſs air he flings
Acroſs the golden ſtrings,
And bids in varied mode the meaſures flow,
Now rapid, loud and wild, now ſolemn, ſoft and ſlow.

" Hark! it is the clarion's ſound!
" Float on the hollow gales the ſhrill alarms;
" The hills, the vales, the rocks rebellow round
" To arms! to arms! to arms!
" Loud, and more loud the ſwelling clangors riſe,
" Shake the wide earth, and thunder to the ſkies.
" The Nations tremble, as they hear;
" Ev'ry face is pale with fear;
" The Mother ſtarts, with boding thoughts diſtreſt,
" Yearns o'er her babe, and ſtrains it to her breaſt.

" Where Babel, tow'ring to imperial ſway,
" Lifts her proud glories to the gaze of day,
" And old Euphrates laves her willowy ſide,
" I ſee Heav'n's Angel ſtand,
" Th' avenging Angel—in his red right hand
" He waves his burning brand,
" With fierce reflection gleaming on the tide.
" He mounts his ſcythed wain;
" He calls his dreadful train
" To feaſt on human food;
" Ambition, Diſcord, Famine, and wild War,
" Rage, Deſolation, Death attend the car,
" Ruſhing o'er ſlaughter'd heaps, and bath'd in blood.

" See from the North a ſudden brightneſs beam!
" O'er yonder hills the ſpreading luſtres ſtream,

" Like meteors gleaming round the mountain brow,
" Then flaſhing down the vale below.
" Now ſteeds and men I ſee, a ſhining train !
" And brazen chariots light'ning o'er the plain.
" On moves the hoſt in firm, and dread array,
" Their poliſh'd bucklers burn againſt the day,
" And round their helms the dazzling ſplendors play.
" Amid their ranks Hell's horrid Forms appear,
" Frown in the front, and ravage in the rear.
" Behind like clouds the birds of ravine fly,
" Preſcient of blood, and blacken all the ſky.
" High waving o'er their heads, Jehovah's ſword
" Of living flame, portending vengeance near,
" Th' awaken'd vengeance of its injur'd Lord,
" Like a red comet kindles half the ſphere.

" Zion! now for wrath prepare!
" Speak the ſigns of earth and air.
" See the ſun his golden light
" Veil in ſhades of ſudden night!
" Peals tremendous howl on high;
" All the concave ſeems on fire;
" Flaſhing armies in the ſky
" Now encounter, now retire;
" Meteors red with flaming hair
" Thro' the glowing ether glare;
" Panic terrors ſtalk below;
" Hark! a voice denouncing woe,
" Thro' the Temple's vaulted round
" Sends a ſhrill and ſolemn ſound;
" Depart," it cries, " Depart!"
" And ſtrikes with chill amaze the braveſt heart."

There ceas'd awhile the Sire—his pow'rs oppreſt,
Exhauſted, aſk'd an interval of reſt.
A ſolemn pauſe enſu'd;
Around in dread ſuſpenſe his audience ſtood;
'Till rous'd again with freſh prophetic fire,
New ſtrains of horror trembled on the lyre.

" 'Tis come—the mighty day! how awful low'rs
" Its murky morn! the works of death begin!
" Without, the flame—without, the ſword devours,
" And famine waſtes within.
" Ah! what a groan was there,
" As burſting from the boſom of Deſpair!
" See o'er her famiſh'd babe the Mother hang!
" Maternal fondneſs adding edge to woe,
" Keen as her childbed's agonizing throe.
" But, oh! my chill'd blood ſhudders at the ſight—
" Reſiſtleſs hunger gives a fiercer pang.
" Mother, forbear!—Sun, hide thy trembling light!
" Blot out the deed accurſt, Eternal Night!

" What new clangors ſtrike my ear!
" 'Tis the claſh of arms I hear;
" Loud th' avenging Angel calls;
" See the battle bend its courſe,
" Like the mountain-torrent's force,
" To Salem's broken walls!
" Th' avenging Angel leads the foremoſt band,
" Fires ev'ry heart, and ſtrengthens ev'ry hand;
" His ſtreaming banner caſts a crimſon blaze,
" And ſtreaks the ſable clouds with ſanguine rays;

" O'er Zion's trembling hill he waves it high,
" Heav'n's thunder in his voice, and lightning in his eye.
" Before his ſteps a thouſand terrors ſtride,
" And gory Death grins ghaſtly by his ſide.

" Now with victorious pow'rs
" They ſcale her conquer'd tow'rs;
" The din of battle rends the air;
" Shouts of triumph—woeful cries
" Echo to the midnight ſkies,
" And ſhrilling ſhrieks of wild deſpair.
" I ſee—I ſee this doleful flood
" Rolling red with native blood;
" I ſee th' expiring Father purpled o'er
" With his ſlaughter'd Children's gore!
" Behold the wedded Virgin's charms
" Snatch'd from her bleeding Bridegroom's arms,
" Her fond name liſping with his laſt ſad breath,
" And claſping in the pangs of Death!"

" See the ſweet Babe upon its murd'rer ſmile,
" And ſtop his horrid rage awhile;
" Then on the groundſil daſh'd it dies,
" Before its frantic Mother's eyes.
" In the dread ſilence of deſpair
" The Mother ſtands, as turn'd to ſtone,
" Then looks to Heav'n a piercing pray'r,
" To call th' avenging thunder down,
" And fainting, falling on the mangled clay,
" Kiſſes the pale cold lips, and ſighs her ſoul away.

" Houſe of my God ! I ſee th' unpit'ying fire
" High o'er thy venerable domes aſpire,
" Reſiſtleſs rolls the flaming deluge on,
" Totter thy cracking tow'rs, and daſh with clangor down.
" Thy courts of peace are fill'd with loud alarms,
" Dying ſhrieks, and claſhing arms,
" Thy ſacred floors with ſlaughter'd Prophets ſtrew'd,
" And e'en thy mercy-ſeat, that awful ſhrine
" Of Majeſty Divine,
" With prieſtly gore embru'd.

" Joy of the earth ! where is thy beauty now ?
" Where the proud grace that crown'd thy beamy brow,
" And ſtate imperial ? ſorrowing I behold
" Turret on turret roll'd,
" And dome on dome in wild confuſion hurl'd,
" Like the vaſt wreck and relics of a world.
" O name for ever dear !
" With ſighs remembred, utter'd with a tear,
" Fall'n art thou Salem ! mingled with the duſt !
" Like ſome bright ſtar thrown blazing from the ſkies,
" One undiſtinguiſh'd heap thy grandeur lies,
" Yet in ruin ſtill auguſt !

" In palaces of Mighty Men
" The lurking Chical makes her ſecret den ;
" In the Temple's hallow'd walks
" The ſtrutting Oſtrich ſtalks;
" There gorg'd with blood the rav'ning Vulture hies,
" There to her mate the ſcreaming Night-bird cries ;

" The hiſſing Serpent haunts the dread abode,
" Whoſe trembling walls rever'd th' indwelling GOD.
" There the grim Lions thirſt for human gore;
" And heard at diſtance by the ſhudd'ring ſwain
" 'Croſs the drear horrors of the deſart plain,
" Amid the hollow howling ruins roar."

There paus'd the Prophet's ſong—
The liſt'ning throng,
Like ſtatues fix'd, in mute amazement ſtood,
And anguiſh wrung the heart, and horror chill'd the blood.
Proud Salem bows—her conſcious turrets quake;
The deep foundations of the Temple ſhake;
Above their banks th' affrighted waters flow;
Blue flames athwart the flaſhing ether glow;
Hoarſe peals in loud redoubled roll reſound,
Roar the re-echoing caverns—rocks the ground—
Nod the high mountain tops, and tremble all round.

INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY.

O Melancholy! ſad and ſolemn Maid!
Doſt thou thro' the glimm'ring glade,
Beneath the Moon's pale ray,
With many a ſlow ſtep ſtray,
Far from the ſoothing voice of kind relief,
To feed on thoughts of woe,
And tell the gliding waters, as they flow,
Thy oft repeated grief;
And ſtill, where'er thy weary wand'rings lead,
Dread Horror ſtalks behind,
With deeper, hoarſer thunder howls the wind,
And Night's grim features caſt a death-like ſhade?

Or doſt thou on the margin of the main,
In melting notes complain,
Beneath ſome craggy cliff's impending brow,
Which thickets hoar, or hanging woods embrown,
Whoſe ſhades tremendous frown
O'er the foaming gulph below,
Lull'd by the loud tumultuous waves, that ſwell,
And beat, and break upon the bellowing ſhore,
While hid within her hollow-ſounding cell
Hoarſe Echo murmurs to the rough wave's roar?

Or in ſome deſart fly the face of Men,
Liſt'ning to the raven's croak,
From the moſſy-fringed oak,
In ſome Cimmerian den;

Converſing there
With gloomy-fronted Care,
And ſullen Silence, and pale-cheek'd Affright,
Twin daughters of dun Night,
And wild Deſpair,
Stretch'd naked on the bare and rugged rocks,
Rending her tatter'd locks?

Or in the haunted aiſle
Of ſome time-eaten temple's gothic pile,
Whoſe ſpreading arches a dread rev'rence draw,
And gloomy cloiſters breathe myſterious awe,
Where a dim dying taper's glimm'ring light
Throws a new horror o'er the frown of night,
Wetting with tears the ſtones,
Mak'ſt thou thy doleful moans,
Fixt o'er thy Lover's tomb,
And thro' the vault, while pealing echos ſound,
Starting all pale, and ſtaring ghaſtly round,
Hear'ſt thou ſome Spirit ſay—" come, Mortal! come?

Where'er thy wonted haunts, diſorder'd Fair!
Come with thy braidleſs hair,
And ſorrow-wrinkled brow,
And deep heart-rending ſighs,
And downward looks, and fixt pathetic eyes,
And tears that ever flow!
O'er the rude rocks, and thro' the ſhadowy grove
Come, penſive Pilgrim! rove
Companion of my woe!

When at her ſummit Night's majeſtic Queen,
While low'ring vapours ſhroud her awful face,
With twinkling ſtars, like radiant gems between,
With ſullen ling'ring pace
Rides on her ebon chariot raven-drawn;
While Viſions dread, that ſleep aſſail,
And panic Fears, and Spectres pale,
Attend her rolling throne.

O'er the black ſkies, and heaving ſeas, and land,
Sleep waves her opiate wand;
Now ſinks to ſlumber Nature's wearied head;
'Tis ſilence all—ſilence how deep! how dread!
Save where the tinkling rill
Its ſolitary murmur rolls,
And from the tower, that crowns yon hanging hill,
The ſhrill bell tolls.
Save where bleak Eurus' howling blaſts reſound
Thro' the lone vales, and roaring woods around,
Then ſteals a ſtill and ſolemn pauſe between—
Then roar the hollow woods, and howls the blaſt again.

But now by ſlow degrees
The ſtruggling moon unveils her ſilver beam,
Which trembling thro' the rocking trees,
Darts a faint and quiv'ring gleam;
While ſome enamour'd Swain,
Heart-wounded by the coy diſdain
Of his relentleſs Fair,
Wand'ring thro' mazy wilds in woeful plight,
Chaunts his quaint ditty to the chilling air,
And oft invokes her pale and penſive light.

All the long night he tells his plaintive tale.
Along the liſt'ning vale,
To ev'ry vagrant rill,
To ev'ry bending hill,
And bids the hollow gales in pity bear
His ſwelling ſighs to Her.
Thee beautiful—thee cold—thee ſcornful Maid!
Thee mourns his muſical, his melting lay,
Thee at the cloſing ſhade,
And thee at dawning day.
Yet tho' ſevere his fate, ſevere his pains,
Still chearing hope remains:
But I've no chearing hope to ſooth my care,
My doom is all deſpair;
My love, my life, my pleaſure, and my pride,
With dear Amira died.

And are thoſe cheeks now pale and livid, where
In native colours bluſh'd the Cherub's glow?
Still heighten'd when ſhe heard with maiden air,
And half-averted eyes, my gentle vow.
And muſt thoſe eyes ſerene,
Where all the ſoul was ſeen;
Still with Pity's ſofteſt languiſh,
Melting at the ſight of anguiſh,
Clos'd—ever clos'd—their lovely luſtre loſt,
Droop in the tomb, and moulder in the duſt!

Farewell!—whom not young Hebe's roſeat bloom,
Nor beauty's brighteſt ray, nor ſenſe refin'd,
Nor winning grace, nor dignity of mind,
Nor Goodneſs ſelf, cou'd reſcue from the tomb!

Farewell!—whom not a Mother's frantic woe—
Whom not a Lover's pleading pangs could ſave!
Ah, Death! to human bliſs determin'd foe!
Ah, foe to human glory, ruthleſs grave!

Now by the ſtream in yonder grove
Indulging penſive thought I rove,
Where on the muſic of her tongue
So oft my charm'd attention hung;
There fancy-rapt I ſeem to hear
Her tuneful voice's ſoothing ſound,
Trembling in my delighted ear,
Then ſtart as from a trance profound,
And ſigh to think, its muſic o'er,
That tuneful voice muſt charm no more
I trace the path ſhe lov'd to walk,
I preſs the bank where late ſhe lay;
There to her dear idea talk,
And teach it tender things to ſay.

Now on her pictur'd form I feed my eye;
Thoſe charms, to memory for ever dear,
I wet with many a tear,
And ever gaze, and ever ſigh:
Such the ſoft languiſh—ſuch the magic air,
Such—ſuch the beamy ſmile, that ſweetly ſtole
My ſoft diſſolving ſoul,
So hung with graceful eaſe her waving hair!

But ſee! what ſudden gloom o'erwhelms the wood!
Thick ſhades the Moon o'erſpread,
And hide her ſilver head;
Thro' the wan cloud ſhe ſeems to bluſh in blood.
The ſwelling tempeſt blackens round the pole,
And quench'd is ev'ry ſtar's etherial light;
So toſt by tumults is my troubled ſoul,
Wild as the tempeſt, gloomy as the night!

But vain complaint, and unavailing grief:
Come, Reſignation! lend thy mild relief!
O bend to Heav'n my will!
Calm ev'ry paſſion, ev'ry murmur ſtill!
And thou, bleſt Saint! new tenant of the ſky!
Regard my pain with Pity's tend'reſt eye!
Nor blame, now paſſion-free my fond regret—
Patient I'd be—but how can I forget?

For ever fair to Fancy's eyes
Still will thy dear Idea riſe;
On thee the melting thought will dwell,
And muſe—what tongue can never tell.
The ſtarting tear, the ſwelling ſigh,
Thy love—thy loſs—muſt ſtill deplore,
'Till ev'ry ſource of ſorrow's dry,
And this ſad heart ſhall heave no more.

ODE TO WISDOM.

Genius of Wiſdom! lead me to thy ſhades,
And while along thy groves and glimm'ring glades
Roving I court the ſacred Muſe—be there
No buſy-thoughted care;
Nor let Folly intervene
To profane the ſolemn ſcene;
But Contemplation, ſweet ſequeſter'd Maid!
Come thou with ſilent tread,
Now pacing ſoft and ſlow,
Now fixt in thought profound,
Half-clos'd thy mild eye bending to the ground,
While in thy breaſt celeſtial ardors glow,
My ſteps attend theſe murm'ring rills along,
And ſooth my mind, and harmonize my ſong.

How bleſt the Man, who, foe to Folly, flies
The noiſy world to ſeek thy ſerious joys,
And haunts the ſilvan glooms in muſing mood
To learn that nobleſt Science—"*to be good!*"
There marks in Nature's thouſand forms combin'd
The varied force of animating Mind;
Soft in the ſummer gale,
Whoſe fanning pinions cool the ſultry vale;
Sweet in the vernal bloom,
Which breathes o'er Maia's brows the freſh perfume;
Fair in each op'ning flow'r
'Broid'ring the lawn, or bluſhing on the bow'r;

Fair in the tints, that make the morning gay,
Gild the gray ſkies, and redden into day:

Majeſtic in the ſetting ſun,
While golden clouds flame round his fiery throne;
Majeſtic on yon azure plain,
While ſparkling ſtars emblaze the wintry ſky:
Terrific in the howling main,
When down th' etherial hills the tempeſts fly,
Heave the huge billows thund'ring o'er the land,
Roar the reſounding rocks, and trembles the rough ſtrand.

What tho' in ſeeming ſolitude he roves
Along the lonely groves,
Angelic Pow'rs attend, where e'er he ſtrays,
Aſſiſt his muſings, and inſpire his praiſe.
Oft does the ſecret Deity deſcend
To viſit there his mortal Friend,
To heal the bleeding wounds of woe,
The throbbing paſſions to appeaſe,
Refine his thoughts from vulgar cares below,
And to the ſkies his flaming fancy raiſe.
Then thrills the Soul with ſacred ecſtacy,
Conſcious of th' Immortal Gueſt
She feels her force, and native dignity,
Ardent for glory, panting to be bleſt.

Hence then ye gaudy train
Of buſy idle Images, away!
Fancy's wild offspring, fleeting, falſe, and vain,
That in the vacant brain of Folly play!

On whoſe light plumes a thouſand colours glow,
All by their Mother's magic hand pourtray'd,
Like the gay tints, that paint the rainy bow,
That ſhine awhile, and fade.

Bid Truth ariſe confeſt,
In all her pure unborrow'd graces dreſt,
Darting full radiance o'er my raviſh'd ſoul!
Let each idea there
Her lov'd reſemblance wear,
Enlarg'd, ſublime, and rapt beyond the pole.
O thou by prying Sages ſought
Thro' all the tangled maze of thought,
Diſpel the clouds, whoſe envious night
Conceal thy beauties from my ſight;
Beauties denied to vulgar view,
Reſerv'd to bleſs a favour'd few!
Beneath thy banners I'd inliſt my name,
Thy laws I'd own, thy hallow'd badge I'd bear,
No fool of faſhion, and no ſlave to ſhame,
Unwarp'd by prejudice, unaw'd by fear.

Be thou too preſent, Virtue, heav'nly Fair!
Exalt my ſoul, and ſanctify her frame;
O mark thy own immortal graces there,
And feed her native flame;
For tho' its ſparks involv'd in matter lie
Languid awhile, and ready to expire,
Thy breath can fan them to a glorious fire,
And mount them blazing to their kindred ſky.

But ſordid Vice abſorbs the ſacred ray,
Draws off the purer ſpirit of the Mind;
Th' etherial eſſence waſtes at length away,
And leaves the droſs behind;
Or choak'd, obſcur'd, while groſſer dregs o'erpow'r,
Expands and ſhines no more:
Like ſome degraded Sun,
Of ſome fair ſyſtem late the ruling ſoul,
That round the glories of his central throne
Saw tributary planets roll,
But now from empire fall'n, his active light
Conſum'd or quench'd in everlaſting night.

And Thou, among the heav'nly quire
Glowing with a Seraph's fire,
Who feel'ſt the ſweeteſt, nobleſt paſſions move,
When hymning Angels tune the golden lyre
To ſongs of joy, and ſounds of ſacred love;
Or when at awful diſtance they ſurvey
The living ſplendors, as they play
Round the dread ſhrine of Him, no eye can ſee,
And, while the unutterable glories blaze,
All is rapture and amaze,
And thrilling trembling ecſtacy——
Devotion! daughter of the ſphere!
With heav'n-erected eye be near,
And make my breaſt thy favour'd reſidence;
Propitious there diſpenſe
The love ſublime, the ſacred energy,
Which kindling thro' the Brethren of the ſky,

Illume their ſmiles, their melody inſpire,
Exalt their raptures, and inflame their fire.
Then ev'ry paſſion, ev'ry pow'r,
In pleaſing union ſhall adore,
And all the motions of my Soul
In ſweet harmonious order roll.

THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Some viſionary bliſs in view,
In gawdy rain-bow colours gay,
We urge the chace, but faſt as we purſue,
The Phantom flies, or fades in air away.
To wild deſire we give the looſen'd rein,
And tire the limbs, and laſh the mind;
Then mourn our thought and labour vain;
We graſp the wave, and hunt the wind.
E'en of our darling wiſh poſſeſt,
New cravings riſe, and baniſh reſt;
From bliſs as diſtant as before,
'Tis ſomething elſe—'tis ſomething more.

Still, tow'ring hopes ariſe,
O'er which our fond ideas climb the ſkies;
As ſome tall mountain ſeems its head to rear,
O'er-top the clouds, and ſhoot into the ſphere;
But ſpent with toil when we the ſummit gain,
We find unmeaſur'd diſtance ſtill remain.

What boots it, Friend! to run
To other climes beneath another ſun?

Why leave your better wealth—your eaſe,
Your Friends, and ſocial hearth behind,
To truſt your ſafety to the ſeas,
The ſport of ev'ry tyrant wind?
Trembling to view the boiling gulf below,
When, brooding miſchief in the black'ning ſky,
The Demon of the tempeſt ſcowls on high;
Then bids amain the blaſts of horror blow;
While Danger, cloth'd in all her dreadful forms,
Rides on the pinions of the ſtorms;
Foams on the ſummit of the mountain wave;
Tremendous flaſhes in the lightning's ray,
In the deep thunder's roll appalls the brave,
And calls grim Death aloud to haſten to the prey?

Go! ſpread thy canvas to the ſpicy gales;
Breathe aromatic air in Indian vales;
On Perſia's coaſt the lucid pearl explore;
Or dig for blazing gems, and golden ore:
Go! wander where you will—yet there
You'll find the winged harpy Care;
She lurks within the golden mine, and roves
Among the ſweet perfumes of Indian groves.
The farther ſtill you ſtray,
The farther from content declines the way;
Nor can Arabia's bleeding foreſt find
A balm to heal the ſickneſs of the Mind.

Then ceaſe abroad to roam,
Furl the white ſail, and ſeek your bliſs at home.

You'll find it in your Emma's eyes,
Where innocence and beauty dwell;
Upon her heaving breaſts it lies,
When they with warm affection ſwell;
When with a tender ſympathy they ſhare
Alike your pleaſure, or your care.
You'll find it in the native ſmiles,
The lovely looks, and wanton wiles,
Of your roſy Girls and Boys,
When fondly clinging round your knee,
Their playful innocence you ſee,
And taſte a Parent's ſweet peculiar joys.

Enough indulgent Heav'n has lent;
What's wanting more to give content?
Wiſdom to prize, and virtue to enjoy,
And Heav'n's beneficence like Heav'n employ;
You need not then o'er lands and ſeas purſue;
The rover Bliſs would come uncall'd to you.

Celeſtial Wiſdom, on her azure ſphere,
To whom the welfare of Mankind is dear,
Still ſounds with Reaſon's voice to all below
This ſolemn ſtrain, "be virtuous, and be bleſt."
But Man—fool Man! his own perfidious foe,
Foſters a hungry vulture in his breaſt;
Inſatiate wild Deſire, that bird of prey,
Feeds on the tortur'd thought, and gnaws the ſoul away.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

TALK not of bliſs below—Look round the Ball!
'Tis falſe, and vain—'tis fading, fleeting all!
Lull'd in Security's illuſive ſleep,
We dream of pleaſures, and then wake to weep.
Yet new deluſions charm the cheated breaſt,
And Hope perſuades us, we may ſtill be bleſt:
In fair ſucceſſion to our eager eyes,
She bids Elyzian ſcenes of beauty riſe,
By Fancy robed in glaring colours gay,
Serene, and beaming with unclouded day;
But, foe to ev'ry joy of Human-kind,
Pale Diſappointment ſtalks conceal'd behind,
O'er the bright ſcene ſhe caſts a ſudden gloom,
Fade all its glories—withers all its bloom;
The frighten'd Pleaſures fly—Succeeds the train
Of Care, and pining Grief, and agonizing Pain.
Yes! they are fled—with fair Amanda fled!
Loſt in the dreary manſions of the Dead!
O bleſt with all that could delight, or move,
Whoſe ſoul was ſweetneſs, and whoſe looks were love!
With all that's noble, all that's tender fraught,
The Woman's ſoftneſs, and the Sage's thought,
The Saint's humility, the Hero's fire,
Beauty that rais'd, and awe that quench'd deſire!
Hate, anger, envy were to her unknown;
She prais'd all worth, unconſcious of her own.

Such was the form of Piety ſhe wore,
As Saints enraptur'd in their heav'n adore;
Sublime to ſtrike, and pleaſing to engage,
Strict without rigour, zealous without rage;
Source of each gen'rous aim, each thought refin'd,
And warm with love to God, and Human-kind:
Were all her liſted Votaries like her,
Villains would bluſh, and Infidels revere.
Ah! thou hadſt liv'd—could Virtue Death diſarm,
Cou'd ſweetneſs ſoften, or could beauty charm!
In vain thy Parents ſaw with kindling eyes
Fair and more fair thy growing graces riſe:
Juſt as thy charms reveal'd their bluſhing bloom,
Juſt as thy virtues ſhed their full perfume,
Touch'd by ſome blighting wind, or blaſting ray,
Shrunk the gay flow'r, and droop'd, and died away!
And what remains—but unavailing woe,
Sighs that ſtill heave, and tears that ever flow,
And fond remembrance, that augments the ſmart,
And all the thouſand pangs that rend a Parent's heart!
O Reſignation! Faith's ſoft, ſoothing Child!
Come with thy words—thy looks—divinely mild!
Woe's wild emotions lull to gentle reſt;
Pour holy balm into the bleeding breaſt;
Be ev'ry paſſion, ev'ry murmur ſtill,
And bend the ſtruggling ſoul to Heav'n's high will.
Ye thoughtleſs Youth! ye flaunting flutt'ring Fair!
One moment from the chace of pleaſure ſpare.
Ye that with Vanity's light baubles play,
And trip ſecure in Folly's flow'ry way,

Think how precarious is your boaſted bloom!
E'en while you laugh, you totter o'er the tomb.
Soon from the cheek may fade the roſy dye,
The lip love-whiſp'ring wan and ſilent lie;
Cold the warm breaſt, that beat with gay deſire,
And quench'd the ſparkling eye's etherial fire.
Heav'n-born Religion! thine alone's the pow'r
With chearing ray to gild the gloomy hour,
Soften the ſigh, perfume the parting breath,
And triumph in diſeaſe, and ſmile in death.
No ſweeter accents Poet ever ſung
Than thoſe that flow'd from her dear dying tongue;
It ſeem'd a ſudden inſpiration giv'n;
O then ſhe talk'd, ſhe look'd, ſhe breath'd of heav'n!
And, in full proſpect of the realms of light,
Seem'd half an Angel, e'er ſhe wing'd her flight!
Now from her radiant bow'r ſhe looks below
On theſe ſad ſcenes of vanity, and woe;
As the tir'd ſtorm-vex'd Sailor, ſafe on land,
Eyes the rough ocean from the tranquil ſtrand,
And while the foaming billows beat the ſhore,
Enjoys the danger that he fear'd before.
Bleſt Saint! to memory for ever dear!
What rightful honours ſhall adorn thy bier?
What laſt ſad gift ſhall Friendſhip's hand beſtow?
Not the ſtiff pageantry of pompous woe;
The ſtately marble, or the mimic buſt;
Vain arts of Pride to dignify the duſt!
No—ever-lov'd, rever'd, lamented Maid!
Be to thy worth a nobler tribute paid,

Of ev'ry virtuous breaſt the gen'rous ſigh,
The tender tear of ev'ry melting eye!
To thy cold grave let weeping Virgins come,
And ſtrew with tranſitory flow'rs the tomb,
Faint emblems of thy fair, but, ah! too fading bloom!
With penſive look peruſe the letter'd ſtone,
And from thy virtues learn to form their own;
Inſpir'd by thy example, aim to be
Meek, pious, wiſe, benevolent like Thee!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MRS. S——.

[MRS. S——'s SPIRIT IS SUPPOSED TO SPEAK.]

WHY throbs the heart with unavailing woe?
Why do thoſe tears of fruitleſs Sorrow flow?
Ah! check the ſoft emotion—ceaſe the ſigh!
Would too fond friendſhip call me from the ſky?
Unfetter'd from the fleſh, enlarg'd, refin'd,
Here with full freedom roves the raptur'd Mind,
Of kindred Spirits joins the friendly quire,
Glows with their warmth, and breathes their pure deſire;
Here endleſs rills of ſacred pleaſure roll;
All-perfect Beauty charms th' ecſtatic ſoul,
And living ſplendors from th' eternal throne,
Pour the full tide of bliſs and glory down.
Say, would you wiſh me, loſt to joys like theſe,
In a frail body, tortured by diſeaſe,
Where Death and Nature held perpetual ſtrife,
To drag along the tedious load of life?
Nor think too ſoon my little race was run,
The end's accompliſh'd, ſince the prize is won.
Now freed from earthly vanities, and cares,
Eſcap'd a thouſand ills, a thouſand ſnares,
Rejoic'd to find Life's weary voyage o'er,
Compleat my tranſport, can I wiſh for more?
Yes—one fond thought—Upon this bliſsful plain,
Their duty done, to meet my Friends again!

To ſee them ſhine in Angel glories dreſt,
And hail their ſafe arrival to their reſt,
Where love again our longing ſouls ſhall join,
Love pure, exalted, deathleſs, and divine!
The ſhipwreck'd Sailor thus, when ſafe on ſhore,
Fears the rough rocks and raging ſurge no more;
Yet mindful of his mates he left behind,
Still toſt and ſtruggling with the waves and wind,
With looks of pity, eyes them from the ſtrand,
And longs to hail them welcome to the land.
Tho' in the tomb our earthly paſſions lie,
The flames of virtuous friendſhip never die,
But in the happy realms of love and light
With keener ardor burn, and ſhine more bright.
Soft Pity dwells in ev'ry heav'nly breaſt,
And moves the melting heart, nor violates their reſt.
With ſweet diſſolving tenderneſs, e'en here,
I ſee the Huſband's, Parent's, Siſter's tear!
Thoſe ſmiling infants, late my darling care,
Thrill thro' my ſoul, and wake the Mother there.
O may propitious Heav'n their Steps attend,
His wiſdom guide them, and his grace defend!
May ſphere-born Piety their breaſts inſpire,
Fill with her joys, and warm with all her fire,
'Till pleas'd I ſee their ripen'd virtues riſe
To join th' eternal rapture in the ſkies!

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE CHILD.

Adieu! thou ſhort-liv'd charm adieu!
Juſt ſhown, and raviſh'd from our view!
A thouſand hopes—thy Parents' pride
And fondeſt wiſhes with thee died.
Ye Graces! on her turfy bed
Your bluſhing ſhow'r of roſes ſhed,
Emblems of beauty's fading bloom!
Ye Zephyrs! from your roſy wing
Shake the freſh fragrance of the ſpring,
And waft your odours round the tomb!
Ye young-ey'd Angels! guard her duſt, for there
Lies all that's ſoft, and ſweet, and innocent, and fair.

Thoſe pallid cheeks no more we view
Outvie the morn's vermilion hue;
No more our eager thoughts preſage
The beauties of her ripen'd age;
No more the ſoft ſenſations riſe
Within the fondling Mother's breaſt,
When in her looks, her air, her eyes,
She ſaw her youthful form confeſt;
No more ſhe hangs upon her ſmiles,
Her liſping lips, her mimic wiles,
Nor marks the blooming graces, as they grow,
With ſweet conceal'd delight, till tears of tranſport flow.

Adieu! thou ſhort-liv'd charm adieu!
Juſt ſhown, and raviſh'd from our view!
In pity, Heav'n thy mortal race
Contracted to a narrow ſpace;
Snatch'd from the world's deluſive ſtage,
Where grief ſtill waits on rip'ning age,
Nor care nor ſorrow's rankling dart
Had ever reach'd thy harmleſs heart!
In circling joys and ſportive play
Thy pleaſing moments paſs'd away.
Now in thoſe amaranthine bow'rs
To infant innocence aſſign'd,
You ſmile, and cull unfading flow'rs,
Nor know what ills you left behind;
While we remain, condemn'd to groan below,
And feel the thouſand pangs of variegated woe!

RESIGNATION.

Ye wild tumultuous paſſions ceaſe
To toſs my troubled breaſt!
O ſome kind Angel whiſper peace,
And ſmile my ſoul to reſt!

Will no kind pitying Angel come
With healing balm from high?
Hope, where is now thy purple bloom,
And where thy laughing eye?

Thy charming magic bids around
Another Eden riſe;
We wander o'er Elyſian ground,
And gaze on golden ſkies.

Behind ſee Diſappointment tread
With quick, but ſilent pace!
At his approach the viſions fade,
And leave a deſart ſpace.

No more the Pleaſures ſporting round
Fan with ſoft wings the air,
But o'er us flit with yelling ſound
The Harpy birds of Care.

" Return, ye vaniſh'd joys, again,
" Now dearer than before!"
We pray, we wiſh, we weep in vain,
The joys return no more.

Now Pleaſure's gay reſorts I ſhun
To ſeek the yew-tree's ſhade,
And oft beneath the pale-ey'd moon
Hold converſe with the Dead,

Where Melancholy ſits to ſigh,
And count her ſorrows o'er—
To liſten to the ſcreech-owl's cry—
The rough gale's ſolemn roar.

And, lo! the faireſt flow'rs of ſpring
She in her boſom bears,
Upon her Lover's grave to fling,
And dews it with her tears.

O'er the cold ſod with many a moan
She wails her hopeleſs doom,
And ſeems to hear a hollow groan
Sad-ſounding from the tomb.

" Is that my loſt Love's voice?" ſhe ſighs,
And drops again her head:
" It is my loſt Love's voice," ſhe cries,
" That calls me to the Dead."

Thus oft in penſive muſing mood
I ſolitary roam,
On former woes too fondly brood,
Nor hope for joys to come.

For once I woo'd a lovely Maid,
The gentleſt of her kind;
O'er her fair frame the Graces play'd,
And Virtue form'd her mind.

She ſeem'd to liſten to my vow,
And bid me not deſpair;
The buds of Hope began to blow,
And Pleaſure ſmil'd at Care.

But ah! to fell diſeaſe a prey,
She ſunk in beauty's bloom,
And Hope's fair bloſſoms dropp'd away,
And died upon her tomb!

Long loſt! yet ſtill th' ideas riſe
Of what was then moſt dear,
And heave my throbbing breaſt with ſighs,
And ſtart a ſudden tear.

I had a Friend, by Heav'n inclin'd
To act its darling part,
The gen'rous ſoul, the candid mind,
The ſympathizing heart.

With pity would his boſom move
To ſee my ſorrows flow,
And oft with words and looks of love
He ſoftly ſooth'd my woe.

But, ah! that ſoothing voice is gone;
The feeling Friend's no more!
I ſigh, like ſome poor wretch alone,
Left on a deſart ſhore,

Who round for comfort turns his eyes,
But turns his eyes in vain,
Here a wide waſte of horror lies,
And there the boundleſs main.

In him my hopes had bloom'd anew;
But ſince that fatal hour,
No melting eyes with Pity's dew
Revive the fading flow'r.

Remembrance ſtill embitters thought,
And thought increaſes woe;
O Peace! ſo long, ſo vainly ſought!
Where ſhall I find thee now?

Come, Reſignation, from the ſky,
With chearful Faith deſcend!
'Tis her's to raiſe the downcaſt eye,
And thou art Sorrow's friend.

Set me from tyrant paſſions free,
And o'er my boſom reign;
O come! and Peace will come with Thee,
For She is of thy train.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG LADY.

While Arabella, proud of beauty's pow'r,
To fix a pin deliberates an hour;
Then ſpends another in a grave debate,
To place a patch on this ſide or on that;
Conſults her faithful glaſs with anxious care,
And bends, adoring the dear Idol there;
Each feature forms, each pleaſing air inſpires,
And kindles in her eyes diviner fires;
Then haſtes thoſe charms in public to diſplay,
The gayeſt in the circle of the gay:
Far nobler cares my Sylvia's hours employ,
Reaſon's calm thought, and Virtue's ſacred joy.

See! of thy Sex light Folly leads along
A giddy, trifling, flaunting, flutt'ring throng,
Gay pupils of her ſchool, and early taught
The precious art to murder time and thought;
From Reaſon's voice who turn averſe their ear,
Becauſe he's neither Fop, nor Flatterer.

Camelion-minds! no colour of their own,
They take their tincture from the mode alone.
O Faſhion! Proteus of a thouſand ſhapes!
Thou dextrous mimic of ten thouſand apes!
Great Deity of Fools! to thee ſubmit
The pow'r of Reaſon, and the pride of Wit!

Taſte, Honour, Beauty are what you decree,
And baſhful Virtue yields her bluſh to thee.
When at her toilet's taſk Belinda bends,
Thy influence hov'ring o'er her head attends,
Preſides, inſpires, and forms with hand unſeen
The dreſs without it, and the brain within,
Varies her knots, and her opinions too,
Diſcards the old, and gives each day a new.
When Eve, firſt gazing on her wat'ry glaſs,
Beheld her beauteous form's reflected grace,
Hung with fond pleaſure o'er the mimic there,
And by that pleaſure found that ſhe was fair,
Strait were her locks in artful order plac'd,
With roſes deck'd, with amaranths inlac'd,
Her treſſes taught to fall with graceful eaſe,
Flow down the milky neck, or float upon the breeze.
Thus pride of Beauty ſeiz'd the Female thought,
And ſoon for foreign aid Invention ſought;
As Nature's handmaid Art at firſt was hir'd,
But to be Miſtreſs ſoon the Maid aſpir'd;
Of ſweet ſimplicity ſhe ſcorn'd the praiſe,
And tortur'd ev'ry mode ten thouſand ways.
External beauties then engroſs their care,
Each borrow'd elegance, each ſtudied air,
Neglected ſtill thoſe beauties more refin'd,
The charms of Virtue, and the grace of mind.
Too raſh each ſeeming diſſonance we blame,
By Nature mix'd in either Sex's frame:
As from the elemental conflict ſprings
The ſweet harmonious uniſon of things,

So from the whole, theſe various parts compoſe
All ſocial bliſs—all ſocial order flows.
E'en contrarieties make muſic here,
As well-mix'd diſcords pleaſe a maſter-ear.
Yes, Heav'n adorn'd the Sex divinely fair,
And bleſs'd the work, and ſtamp'd his image there:
But Woman's wiſdom thought the dreſs *too plain*,
Bid Vanity new-model it again,
Torture their ſhape, diſtort their Maker's face,
Paint, out of colour; poliſh, out of grace.
Or daub the native features of the Mind,
And ſpoil the Moral form, that Heav'n deſign'd.
One common fate attends the Great and Fair—
Expos'd to Flattery's too pleaſing ſnare,
While in their ear ſhe trills her ſoothing ſtrain,
Truth, that plain counſellor, may preach in vain;
She taints the tender mind, untutor'd yet,
And forms alike the Tyrant, and Coquette;
Like conquerors they range with killing eyes,
And value more the triumph than the prize.
Yet tho' Liſette in queſt of glory ſtrays
To viſits, auctions, balls, aſſemblies, plays,
In vain abroad for fame the Fair would roam,
For ſtill the Female Hero's found at home;
Unlike thoſe flow'rs, which op'ning to the ſun,
Spread their proud glories to the glare of noon,
Her modeſt beauties ſhun the day's full blaze,
And bluſhing ſhrink from Admiration's gaze.
Firſt, Education warps the riſing Mind,
Their knowledge all to dreſs and cards confin'd;

To *think's* a tedious ſcience, ſeldom taught,
But Faſhion fills the vacant cells of thought,
And furniſhes her toyſhop of the brain
With all that's frivolous, with all that's vain.
Mere children, ſtill in novelty they joy,
In each new Lover, as in each new toy;
Their varied life is all an infant's play,
They prattle, laugh, and trifle it away;
A very trifle 'tis, in truth, at beſt,
By turns, a ſerious trifle, or a jeſt.

But ſee, my Muſe! to thy delighted view
In fair diſtinction ſhine a glorious Few,
Who in the mind's and body's graces ſhow
Whate'er of Eden yet remains below;
True Female dignity, exempt from pride,
And all the Virtues with the Loves allied;
Of manners poliſh'd, and of heart ſincere;
Nor wildly gay, nor prudiſhly ſevere;
Who, frank with modeſty, reſerv'd with eaſe,
Win without art, and undeſigning pleaſe,
Averſe to ſpread the ſcandals of the town,
Or blaſt another's fame to raiſe their own;
And tho' their eyes for no light cauſe o'erflow,
Yet ne'er aſham'd to give a tear to woe.
Whoſe lips inſpir'd with native eloquence
Add grace to ſcience, energy to ſenſe;
Whoſe ſweet good-humour brightens ev'ry gloom,
And Charity ſtill breathes to Heav'n perfume.

Theſe, when the rays of Beauty blaze no more,
Will rule us ſtill by Virtue's gentler pow'r,

With ſweet attraction ſtill our hearts engage,
And flouriſh ever amiable in age.
  While glares the Sun at his meridian height,
Dazzled we turn away our wearied ſight;
More pleas'd his milder ev'ning we behold
Array'd in purple clouds, and thron'd in ſkies of gold.
  Ye glitt'ring inſect tribes! Ye vain, and gay!
That in the ſummer beam of Folly play;
When all the tranſient flow'rs of beauty die,
When faint the glories of the ſtar-bright eye,
When flies with youth the ſoul-enchanting pow'r,
That bade the coxcomb gaze, the beaux adore,
That gave to frowning, grace; to nonſenſe, eaſe;
And made caprice, and flights, and folly pleaſe;
Say, what of all your bliſs remains to cheer
The wint'ry gloom of life's declining year;
Supply it's vaniſh'd pleaſures, charm its woes,
And lull the throbbing boſom to repoſe?
What, but your former triumphs to review,
Dream o'er old pleaſures, and deſpair of new,
Throw envy's ſhade o'er ev'ry riſing ray,
That gilds the ball, and ſhames your ſetting day;
And, while your mirrors ſpeak the faded grace,
Fret o'er the ruins of your former face;
Your joy, poor remnant of the brilliant paſt!
Reduc'd to ſcandal and to cards at laſt.
  But thou, my Friend! ſtill live by Reaſon's rules,
And ſcorn alike the praiſe and blame of Fools;
To deck the mind be thy peculiar care;
Invite and cheriſh ev'ry Virtue there;

There let Religion fix her ſacred ſhrine,
And o'er thy boſom beam a ray divine:
She'll give thee more than Splendor can beſtow
On her gay ſlaves, and pretty fools below;
The vivid flame, that warms the gen'rous breaſt,
And heav'n-born Charity, in bleſſing bleſt;
Refin'd deſires, and dignity of ſoul;
Courage, no mortal terrors can controul;
Peace, 'mid the tempeſt howling round ſerene,
Firm as a rock above the raging main;
And conſcious Joy, that ſcans with pleaſing care
His own unruffled breaſt, and finds Elyſium there.
While thoughtleſs triflers ridicule thy taſte,
While the belles wonder, and the witlings jeſt,
Still ſhall thy ſoul in real beauty riſe,
In real bliſs, and brighten for the ſkies.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH MILTON's PARADISE LOST.

In theſe enchanting lines, (which Raphael taught,
And to the Bard in nightly viſion brought,)
Young Nature's riſing charms in bloom we view,
How Beauty triumph'd, when the World was new:
In Eden all her varying graces meet,
Irregularly fair, and wildly ſweet;
Ere yet the ſerpent fram'd his wily ſnare,
Or woman liſten'd to a flatterer.
Ah! then a poiſon blaſted all its pride,
Its verdure wither'd, and its graces died;
Then Nature's throbbing boſom heav'd with ſighs;
A gloom of ſorrow darken'd all the ſkies;
Then tears firſt ſtain'd the Guardian Angel's eye,
And paus'd on Gabriel's lyre the heav'nly harmony.
Such is the Spring of Life's revolving year:
A cloudleſs azure robes the radiant ſphere;
In golden light, to Fancy's raptur'd eyes,
Bright images of bliſs and beauty riſe;
Ethereal fragrance breathes o'er all the ground,
And Hope expands her bloſſoms bluſhing round;
With Love and Folly laugh the young-ey'd Hours,
And Pleaſure lulls us in her flow'ry bow'rs.
Then, like ſome gentle Raphael from the ſky,
Mild Reaſon points the ſecret danger nigh;

But, ah! that Guardian Angel warns in vain;
We hear the tedious leſſon with diſdain;
Inflam'd by paſſion, or befool'd by pride,
Some cunning Tempter leads our ſteps aſide;
Some Vice, with outſide glorious to behold,
With beauty's face, and creſt of burniſh'd gold:
To groves ſhe guides, where airs ambroſial blow;
Where ſtreams of nectar wind in gentle flow,
And fruits Heſperian glitter on the bough.
The ſhining bait we view with curious eye,
And longing haſte forbidden bliſs to try;
Our wiſh unſated leaps o'er ev'ry bound;
'Tis all delight—'tis all Elyſium round:
But ſudden black deſcending ſtorms invade,
Shake down the fruit, and ſcatter all the ſhade;
Or, while we ſtrive our pleaſures to renew,
The bliſsful gardens vaniſh from the view;
Where ſhone the object of our fierce deſires,
Avenging Angels glare, and waving fires;
And, woful wand'ring o'er the howling waſte,
We fear the future, and lament the paſt.

Ye thoughtleſs Fair ones! guard your ears and eyes;
Let Eve's ſad error make her daughters wiſe.
Vice has a thouſand forms, a thouſand arts
To charm your ſight, and faſcinate your hearts;
Pleaſure's gay ſmile, and Fancy's Syren ſong,
And Pride's embroider'd robe, and Flatt'ry's tongue.
When Adulation's warbling voice ye hear,
O fly! and think the Serpent is too near.

That fatal fruit! how much our Race it coſt!
Love, peace, and joy, with innocence were loſt;

Then heav'n-born Piety, diſhonour'd here,
Spread her white wing, and ſought her native ſphere.
Yet from her ſkies the Seraph oft deſcends
Propitious to a few, but choſen Friends,
And tho' ſhe haunts no more her Eden's bow'rs,
Fall'n all its honours, faded all its flow'rs,
To that ſoft breaſt ſtill loves ſhe to repair,
And finds another nobler Eden there.

SONNETS.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

FAIR Maid! whoſe radiant eyes, and manners mild,
Here gild the glooms, and make the woods rejoice,
In you, Religion haunts the lonely wild,
And in the deſert lifts again her voice.

In you her awe-commanding charms array'd
With ſofter airs, and winning grace we view:
Her heav'nly road more chearfully we tread,
Our fair Angelic guide, and Genius, You.

Thus, call'd from ſervitude the Choſen Seed,
O'er barren hills, and rocks, and deſert ground,
With many a tedious weary wand'ring led,
In the wide waſte a flaming Angel found,
Who ſtill before their legions took his ſtand,
To point their footſteps to the promis'd land.

THE COQUETTE.

WHILE in Zelinda's form and angel air
The charms of blooming Eden riſe to view,
Know, thoughtleſs Youth! that Paradiſe ſo fair
Conceals a fly deceiving ſerpent too.

What tho' her eyes, too ſmall to hurt a heart,
Too artleſs ſeem, too innocent to kill,
They wound like Cupid's ſmall, yet deadly dart,
Soft as the plume, but piercing as the ſteel.

Tho' virgin coyneſs bluſhes o'er her face,
Tho' ſeeming Nature flows in ev'ry grace,
And her mild looks ethereal ſunſhine ſhow,
She's like the ſurface of a ſhallow ſea,
Where heav'n's reflected beams ſerenely play,
Yet lie the rocks and lurking Fate below.

FIRST BEAUTY.

Light as the breeze, and frolic as the May,
My careleſs Muſe her idle ditties ſung;
To mortal beauty trill'd her airy lay,
Round Folly's ſhrine her flow'ry garland hung;

'Till Grace, kind Cherub, lighting from the ſphere,
To the Firſt Beauty rais'd my fervid mind,
Stamp'd the bright image of his glory there,
Parent of hallow'd fires, and joys refin'd.

Still, Sov'reign Fair! th' idea deep impreſt,
Chears my lone muſings, elevates my breaſt,
Rules o'er my numbers, and my rapture warms;
There let the ſacred paſſion ever glow,
Sweet as thy living ſtreams of pleaſure flow,
Bright as thy beams, immortal as thy charms!

FAITH.

Life's ceaſeleſs labours, and illuſive joys,
It's ſtorms and waves, what brazen breaſt could bear,
Did not the Cherub Faith's reviving voice
Sound it's ſweet muſic in Affliction's ear?

See ſhe waves high upon her heav'nly ſhore
Her flaming brand, that guides me to be bleſt!
Ye foaming billows roll—ye tempeſts roar!
Your rage but drives me ſooner to my reſt.

The Seaman thus, long toſt by ſtormy ſeas,
Worn out with toil, and ſinking with diſeaſe,
With looks of rapture eyes the black'ning land,
Forgets the paſt, and ſmiles at preſent pain,
Feels a new vigour thrill through ev'ry vein,
And leaps exulting on the welcome ſtrand.

FANCY.

O Fancy! Goddeſs of the magic wand!
Which as thou wav'ſt a thouſand beauties riſe:
Where'er we tread, 'tis all a fairy land,
Gay vales, and verdant groves, and golden ſkies.

While pleas'd we ſee the fair illuſions play,
Like ſome light viſion fades the fleeting ſcene:
The ſmiling joys diſſolve in tears away,
Like glitt'ring vapours melting down to rain.

Ah Friend! how vain the chaſe of bliſs below!
Our pleaſures are too near allied to woe,
In ſearch fatigue us—in poſſeſſion cloy.
Curb then the roving wiſh, the fond deſire,
Which prey upon the ſoul like ſecret fire;
Content thy wealth—and virtue be thy joy.

HOPE.

Ah Hope! thou lovely, ſmiling, faithleſs Fair!
By doating Fancy cloth'd in vivid dyes,
In all the radiance of Elyſian ſkies;
Parent of vain deſire, and vainer care!

See at thy ſhrine enamour'd crouds adore!
With lurking art you flatter and deceive;
While they, tho' ſtill deluded, ſtill believe;
Too well I know thee now, to truſt thee more.

My Friend! engage not in her fairy race:
Scorn not the bleſſings in thy pow'r, to chace
Her airy forms of bliſs, that faſter fly.
Bound thy wild wiſhes, if thou would'ſt be bleſt:
Improve the preſent, leave to Heav'n the reſt.
The Fool for ever hopes—the Wiſe enjoy.

A WISH.

Angels! that roll the circling orbs on high,
And guide the years and ſeaſons down the ſky,
O hear my fond requeſt, propitious pow'rs!
For Roſalind ſelect your ſofteſt hours;

From ſuch, as ſhed delight on Friendſhip's breaſt;
From ſuch, as make the virtuous Lover bleſt;
From ſuch, as o'er Elyſian regions roll,
And fill with holy joys the Seraph's ſoul.

May fair proſperity's unclouded ray
For ever ſhine—and fanning Zephyrs play
To make her life one ſmiling vernal day.
In griefs of others only let her grieve,
And then, to heal that pain, indulgent give
The bliſs, which moſt ſhe values—to relieve.

TO A FRIEND.

Too fond the world's applauſe to gain,
Say will the purchaſe quit the coſt?
What you with endleſs toil obtain,
May in a moment all be loſt.

Fame oft is like a vernal flower,
Which ſheds awhile a ſweet perfume;
But Time may ſhake it from its bower,
Or Envy blaſt the bluſhing bloom.

But, Friend! the glory that proceeds
From noble aims, from generous deeds,
Will ever flouriſh freſh and fair
In the bright gardens of the ſky;
Old Time can never enter there,
And Envy cannot ſoar ſo high.

GOLD.

Almighty Gold! whoſe magic charms diſpenſe
Worth to the worthleſs, to the graceleſs grace,
To cowards valour, and to blockheads ſenſe,
And to the wither'd Maid a Hebe's face.

Poor Love exil'd, thou ſit'ſt on Hymen's throne;
Thou rul'ſt the court, the ſenate, and the bar;
And tho' the church thy Deity diſown,
Some whiſper thou haſt prieſt and altar there.

All human charities, all laws divine
Deluded mortals offer at thy ſhrine;
O thou ſupreme, like Fate, to kill, or ſave!
To thy vaſt empire what is wanting more?
"Nought," ſighs Avaro, "had it but the pow'r
"To ſilence conſcience, and to bribe the grave."

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Melodious Philomela! pleas'd I hear
In the lone woods thy love-reſounding lay,
Where the world's din, like thunder from afar,
Juſt mutters in the wind, and dies away.

Known to a few lov'd Friends theſe ſhades among,
Cloſe treaſur'd from the noiſy crowd, like thee,
I'd chaunt the rural, or the moral ſong,
In native wood-notes warbling wild and free.

Heav'n never form'd me for the world's affairs,
Too much a foe to all its ſtrifes and cares,
Content with little in obſcure repoſe.
To Life's high ſtorm-vext top let others riſe;
Low in the vale my lot more ſafely lies,
Nor heeds which way the raging tempeſt blows.

PEACE.

O Peace, of ſmiling lip, and look ſerene!
Whoſe gentle voice the breaſt of trouble charms,
With all my ſoul I court thee—but in vain—
While envious Care ſtill frowns thee from my arms.

Ah! I had hope thy lovely form to view,
Where on yon arbour breathes the blooming roſe;
But ſtill the buzzing ſwarms of Care purſue,
Nor ſuffer me to taſte thy wiſh'd repoſe.

Thus the tir'd Seaman on the ſwelling ſeas
In diſtant proſpect hails the riſing land:
Now opens on his eye the port of peace;
His fond ideas tread the bliſsful ſtrand;
But ſtill the howling ſtorm and raging main
To ſea drive back his ſhatter'd bark again.

AN IMITATION OF PETRARCH'S SONNET 314.

Io vo piangendo i mei paſſati tempi, &c.

Pensive I now the trifled years deplore,
When mortal charms engroſs'd my vain deſires,
Still grov'ling on the ground, tho' born to ſoar,
And with ſtrong pinion reach the ſtarry fires.

O Heav'n's Eternal King! propitious ſtill
My griefs regard with pity's tender eye;
Succour a feeble mind, a wand'ring will,
And what my virtue wants, let grace ſupply!

Grant, that with ſtorms and billows long diſtreſt,
In port at length my weary ſoul may reſt:
Tho' vain my life, O ſanctify its end!
For what remains my guide and guardian be,
Living I'd live, and dying die to Thee—
Thee, my ſole refuge—Thee, my laſt beſt Friend!

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND PSALM TRANSLATED.

WHILE by the ſtreams that winding flow
Where Babel's haughty towers ariſe,
We ſilent ſate in ſolemn woe,
For thee, O Zion! heav'd our ſighs,
For thee ſtole down the frequent tear,
To memory for ever dear!

While waving on the willow-bough
Our unregarded harps were hung,
" Hence ſorrow!" cried th' inſulting foe,
" And chaunt the cheerful feſtal ſong;
" Such ſongs as, in her happier days,
" On Zion's hill reſounded praiſe."

Doom'd to the yoke and galling chain,
Our antient fame and freedom loſt,
Ah! can we chaunt a cheerful ſtrain,
While fallen Zion droops in duſt?
Or to unhallow'd ears proclaim
Our God, Jehovah's awful name?

Lov'd Zion! ſhould a foreign land
E'er blot thine image from my heart,
Mute be my tongue, unnerv'd my hand,
And quite forgot my tuneful art!
For Thee my lays ſhall ever flow
In melting ſounds that waken woe!

Thy vengeance, Lord! let Edom feel!
  Who pitileſs beheld her fall,
Edg'd with new rage the hoſtile ſteel,
  And triumph'd o'er her broken wall.
" Spread, ſpread," he cried, " her ruins round,
" And raſe her glory to the ground."

Proud Babel! tremble at thy doom!
  I ſee, I ſee thy dreadful day!
Soon ſhall the fierce avenger come,
  Who ſhall our mighty wrongs repay,
And, harden'd to the mother's moans,
Daſh her dear infant on the ſtones.

HYMNS.

DIVINE LOVE.

My God, thy boundleſs love I praiſe;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How ſweetly bloom below!
It ſtreams from thine eternal throne;
Thro' heav'n its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds in air upborn
Their genial drops diſtil;
In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
And glides in ev'ry rill.

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
Whoſe ſweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly ſpread the plain,
The bluſhing fruit, the golden grain,
And ſmile on ev'ry vale.

But in thy goſpel ſee it ſhine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming ſins forgiv'n;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlaſting day,
And opens all her heav'n.

Then let the love that makes me bleſt,
With cheerful praiſe inſpire my breaſt,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and paſſions tend
To thee, my father and my friend,
My ſoul's eternal good.

Dart from thine own celeſtial flame
One vivid beam to warm my frame
With kindred energy;
Mark thine own image on my mind;
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bleſs like thee.

WISDOM AND VIRTUE SOUGHT FROM GOD.

Supreme and univerſal light!
Fountain of Reaſon! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whoſe bleſſings flow
On all above and all below;

Without whoſe kind, directing ray,
In everlaſting night we ſtray,
From paſſion ſtill to paſſion toſt,
And in a maze of error loſt;

Aſſiſt me, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing ſpirit came.

My mortal freedom to maintain,
Bid paſſion ſerve, and reaſon reign,
Self-pois'd, and independent ſtill
On this world's varying good or ill.

No ſlave to profit, ſhame, or fear,
O may my ſtedfaſt boſom bear
The ſtamp of heav'n, an honeſt heart,
Above the mean diſguiſe of art!

May my expanded ſoul diſclaim
The narrow view, the ſelfiſh aim;
But with a chriſtian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more I wiſh, no more I want:
To know, to ſerve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliſs above.

THE UNRIVALLED BEAUTY AND GLORY OF RELIGION.

Soft are the fruitful ſhow'rs that bring
The welcome promiſe of the ſpring,
And ſoft the vernal gale;
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden ev'ry vale.

But ſofter in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whiſpers ſins forgiv'n;
And ſweeter far the muſic ſwells,
When to the raptur'd ſoul ſhe tells
Of peace and promis'd heav'n.

Fair are the flow'rs that deck the ground;
And groves and gardens blooming round
Unnumber'd charms unfold;
Bright is the ſun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of ſetting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

But far more fair the pious breaſt,
In richer robes of goodneſs dreſt,
Where heav'n's own graces ſhine;
And brighter far the proſpects riſe
That burſt on Faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

All earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they pleaſe the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And ſoon the tranſitory rays
In endleſs darkneſs die.

The nobler beauties of the juſt
Shall never moulder in the duſt,
Or know a ſad decay;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of heav'n on high
Beam everlaſting day.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HEAR, O ye dead, awake, ariſe,
The ſounding clarion ſhakes the ſkies;
The awful Judge is near!
Angelic guards attend him down,
And flaming round his fiery throne
A thouſand terrors glare.

Pale Guilt looks upward with amaze,
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
And Conſcience tells her doom;
Struck with unutterable dread,
She hides again her frighted head,
And ſhrinks within the tomb.

The proud and mighty mourning lie,
Or to the rocks and mountains fly,
To ſhun the burning ray;
Bold hearts, that never felt a fear,
Now ſtart at flaming vengeance near,
And melt like wax away.

In vain they fly, they wail in vain,
His thunders drive the wretched train
Where ſeas of ſulphur roll:
In everlaſting darkneſs there
Dwell Sorrow, Pain, and mad Deſpair,
And horrors rend the ſoul.

But ye his happy Saints rejoice
No terrors hath the Monarch's voice,
His looks no frowns for you;
He comes, your Spirits to convey
To regions of eternal Day,
To joys for ever new.

Bleſt of my Father, haſte, He cries,
In ſhining triumph mount the ſkies,
To nobler worlds above;
There ſhall ye ſhare my bliſsful ſight,
And taſte the fulneſs of delight,
In my eternal Love.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Our Life is but an idle play,
And various as the wind,
We laugh and ſport our hours away,
Nor think of woes behind.

See the fair cheek of beauty fades,
Frail glory of an hour,
And blooming youth with ſickening head
Droop like the dying flower.

Our pleaſures, like the morning ſun,
Diffuſe a flattering light,
But gloomy clouds obſcure their noon,
And ſoon they ſink in night.

Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold
With an admiring eye,
Like ſummer inſects, dreſt in gold,
That flutter, ſhine, and die.

One little moment can deſtroy
Our vaſt laborious ſchemes,
And all our heaps of ſolid joy
Are ſweet deceitful dreams.

Then riſe my Soul and ſoar away,
Above the thoughtleſs crowd,
Above the pleaſures of the gay,
And ſplendors of the proud.

Up where eternal beauties bloom
And pleaſures all divine,
Where wealth that never can conſume,
And endleſs glories ſhine.

PRIVATE LIFE,

A MORAL RHAPSODY*.

Blest groves! bleſt manſion! tho' your humble gate
No Doric columns crowd with idle ſtate,
No buſtos, ſtatues, temples, arcs ſurpriſe,
Nor gilded roofs fatigue the gazer's eyes;
Here Nature reigns, with modeſt grace array'd,
By Art, her ſubject, ſerv'd and not betray'd:
Here all the mild domeſtic Joys reſide,
And rural Elegance unſpoil'd by Pride,
Unſullied Honour, Peace with eye ſerene,
Friendſhip's warm glow, and Candour's open mien;
Benevolence ſtands ſmiling at the door,
The friend to welcome, and to feed the poor.

Imperial piles and glitt'ring domes, that riſe,
And back reflect their glories to the ſkies,
Vain Grandeur's tinſell'd train, the gorgeous glare
Of crowns and thrones and banners wav'd in air,
May give the dazzled eye a ſhort delight,
But tire at length the ſatiated ſight,
Which views with unabated pleaſure ſtill
The flow'r-enamell'd mead and rambling rill,

* This piece, printed at Plymouth in 1795, at the inſtigation of the author's nephew, has probably been ſeen by ſo few of the readers of this volume, that there can be no impropriety in annexing it to his original Poems. Its intrinſic merit, it is preſumed, will be thought to entitle it to ſuch a preſervation. E.

The ſloping vale, which rocky mountains bound,
And verdant hills with waving woods embrown'd,
The ſtraw-built cottage ſmoaking in the grove,
And grazing herds that o'er the champain rove,
Rich harveſts glowing o'er the golden fields,
And all the ſimple charms that Nature yields.

Hail graſs-crown'd Genius of the ſylvan ſcene,
Shrin'd in thy homely bow'r of flow'ring green!
Hail Sire of Sages, Heroes, Bards of old,
Who in thy woods (while baſer æras roll'd)
Preſerv'd the bright Saturnian age of gold!
Methinks I ſee in ſolemn order ſtand
Dictators, Conſuls, Kings, an awful band!
Whoſe virtues, nurs'd beneath the lowly ſhed,
By thee to mighty feats of fame were bred;
To ſpeak, to dare in Freedom's ſacred cauſe—
To form the riſing ſtate—to dictate laws
To wild ambition, and profuſe of blood
Pour in their country's right the gen'rous flood.
Hence NUMA humaniz'd ferocious hearts,
And ſooth'd a ſavage brood to peaceful arts;
Hence honeſt CURIUS tamed a Tyrant's pride,
And hence FABRICIUS lived and DECIUS died.
What tho' no longer in thy rural ſchool
Stateſmen and Heroes learn to fight or rule;
Still to thy ſolitary ſhades belong
The Sage's wiſdom and the Poet's ſong.

O bleſt the Man, whom meditation leads
To theſe ſequeſter'd groves and ſilent meads!

Here while he bends at Wiſdom's ſylvan ſhrine,
In ſolemn muſings rapt, with drops divine
From her etherial well, ſhe clears away
The miſts that cloud his intellectual ray,
'Till Truth, fair-dawning with increaſing light,
Pours her full glories on the gladden'd ſight.

Touch'd by her energy, his curious mind
Wanders thro' fields of ſcience unconfin'd;
Now boldly ſoars among the ſtars to ſtray,
While NEWTON's mighty genius points the way:
Thro' Nature's dread immenſe he darts his eyes,
And ſees unnumber'd wonders round him riſe;
What well-proportion'd pow'rs the planets roll;
How various parts compoſe one beauteous whole;
While in her centre thron'd, bleſt Harmony
Tunes her immortal ſtrings and charms them to agree.

The Sun himſelf, intolerably bright,
Dims the weak eye with mere exceſs of light;
While in his Siſter's ſofter looks expreſt
His image we admire in gentler glories dreſt.
Thus tho' no mortal eye the GOD ſurvey,
Veil'd in the blaze of his eſſential day,
Diffus'd o'er nature's various form we find
The fair reflection of her Maker's mind,
And in his works the Parent Beauty trace,
Majeſtic grandeur with enchanting grace.

While rapt he views the vaſt ſublime deſign,
On his own mind he marks the plan divine;

He fain would imitate the Sov'reign Fair
And emulate th' eternal order there,
Bids reaſon take her ſceptre and her ſway,
And bend each rebel paſſion to obey;
Bids all his pow'rs within their orbits roll,
And form the harmonious muſic of the ſoul,
Where ſweetly blended meet in mode and time
The juſt, the good, the graceful and ſublime:
Enthuſiaſtic heaves his ardent breaſt,
And ſhares and taſtes the pleaſures of the bleſt.

For not the Bard, who on the ecſtatic lyre,
While his warm fancy flames etherial fire,
Warbles the ſoft or ſounds the lofty lay,
And lifts or ſwells or melts the ſoul away;
Not the gay tints, that arch the ſhow'ry bow,
Blaze in the gem—or in the flow'ret glow,
Or tinge Aurora's dewy cheek with red,
Or dye the bluſhes of the bridal Maid,
Or nobly rang'd by RAPHAEL's hand divine
Give form and ſpirit to ſome bold deſign,
Bid each impaſſion'd figure breathe and move,
Or frown in rage or languiſh into love;
Not mother Nature, nor her daughter Art,
Such joys to fancy, or to ſenſe impart,
As to the Soul's quick eye and ear refin'd
The nobler grace and muſic of the mind.

Thus half-inſpir'd his warm ideas riſe,
Soar o'er the azure vault and gain the ſkies;

Faith opens to his view her realms on high,
And Heav'n's own ſplendors burſt upon his eye:
Thence like a Seraph, ſeated on his ſphere,
He marks the courſe of human motions here,
Treats with a juſt diſdain the toys of ſtate,
And looks with pity on the proud and great;
He feels, like Ammon's ſon, his mighty mind
Within this globe's too narrow verge confin'd,
For other worlds with nobler ardour ſighs,
For realms and thrones eternal in the ſkies.

Such is the path that Saints and Sages trod,
The path to reaſon and the path to GOD.
O give me thus the rural ſcenes to rove,
And viſit Nature in her native grove!
May thus in eaſy flow my minutes glide;
No ſtormy paſſion toſs the tranquil tide;
No vain ambition ſwell my lowly breaſt,
Content with Virtue humbly to be bleſt.
Her bloſſoms wither or to wildneſs run,
Too near the blaze of Fortune's ſcorching Sun;
Too far remov'd they languiſh, pine, and die
Beneath the rigour of too cold a ſky;
But in her middle zone and temp'rate air,
They breathe and bloom, more fragrant and more fair.

When the Sun, ſunk beneath his wat'ry bed,
Yet gilds with dying gleams the mountain head,
And yet the clouds retain a crimſon glow,

That faintly bluſhes on the lake below,
While ſober Cynthia lifts her ſolemn beam,
With luſtre quiv'ring on the ſparkling ſtream;
And with a radiant band of ſilver light
Inwreaths the jetty treſſes of the Night;
Then Contemplation, ſweet ecſtatic Maid!
I ſeek thy mild, thy care-compoſing aid,
Amid the moſs-clad walls and roofleſs aiſle
Of yon lone Abbey's venerable pile,
Whoſe tow'rs, by Time's relentleſs hand o'erthrown,
Lie low with ivy and with thorn o'ergrown.
There Superſtition, Ignorance's child,
Once dream'd her dreams and ſaw her viſions wild,
Her aves mutter'd and her beads retold,
And bow'd to ſilver Saints and ſhrines of gold,
With holy dread the darkſome cloiſters trod,
And offer'd living victims to her GOD:
There by the glimm'ring lamp, the pale-eyed Maid
Sobb'd as ſhe ſung, and trembled as ſhe pray'd;
Severe religion, paſſion unrepreſt,
Like meeting currents ſtruggling in her breaſt:
In youth's enliv'ning warmth, in beauty's bloom,
Betray'd to ceaſeleſs ſolitude and gloom,
She bade the World adieu—ah, vows how vain!
While ſtubborn Nature ſtill maintain'd her reign.
Still fond affection heav'd the hopeleſs ſigh,
And tears too tender gliſten'd in her eye.
No more are heard the vocal walls along,
The deep-ton'd organ or the matin ſong,

Nor midnight bell, whoſe ſlow and ſolemn toll
Sent a chill horror thro' the ſhudd'ring ſoul:
All ſilent now—ſave when through ruins hoar,
And hollow-ſounding cells, the rude winds roar;
Save the lone owl, that hoots her dirges ſhrill,
And the hoarſe muſic of the murm'ring rill.

There moping Melancholy loves to come,
And ſadly pore upon the time-worn tomb;
Brooding on grief, ſhe ſits in trance profound.
Nor Superſtition yet has left the ground;
Strange ſhapes, 'tis ſaid, the village-maid affright,
And doleful ſounds are heard at dead of night;
Pale Ghoſts amid the nodding piles are ſeen,
Flit o'er the walls and gleam athwart the green;
There hags, 'tis thought, their works of horror ply,
And the Swain trembles, as he haſtens by.

Among the mould'ring aiſles I muſing go,
Wand'ring with ſolitary ſteps and ſlow;
Far from the ſenſeleſs clamours of the crowd,
Far from th' inſulting ſplendor of the proud;
No ſmile of friendſhip feign'd, no gilded care,
No lip of ſcorn, no laugh of folly there:
The ſolemn ſcenes around, and ſilent hour,
Calm the wild paſſions with myſterious pow'r,
Mild awe diffuſing, and the heart impreſs
With a ſoft, ſad, but pleaſing penſiveneſs;
Sublimely painting to the mental eye
The wreck of time and man's mortality.
At once the world's deluſive ſpell is o'er,
Her glitt'ring vanities can charm no more:

Far nobler themes invite, enlarg'd, refin'd,
That ſuit th' immortal dignity of mind,
Pow'rful the ſtubborn paſſions to controul,
And give new ſtrength and energy to Soul.
Above all ſublunary ſcenes I riſe,
With ardent hope high-ſoaring to the ſkies;
With Conſcience now, my guardian Genius, talk,
And meet my GOD along the lonely walk;
To the firſt Beauty bid my thoughts aſpire,
And from his glories catch a kindred fire.

O come, mild Wiſdom! come, celeſtial gueſt!
And ſhed thy ſacred beam upon my breaſt;
Bid there each pure, each kind affection roll,
And with the joys of reaſon feaſt my ſoul!
Come, to this lowly graſſy couch repair!
Let Zephyr's gentle breath invite thee there;
No pompous trifles here profane the ſhade,
No ſpouting fountain and no forc'd caſcade:
Here rove the rills at will their woods between,
Daſh down the vale and glitter o'er the green;
The vine and winding woodbine arching o'er
From ſult'ry rays defend the cooling bow'r.
Here bring the tuneful Muſe's raptur'd choir;
Each Muſe for thee ſhall touch the charming lyre:
Bring Truth and Science's inſtructive band;
The Grecian Graces dancing hand in hand;
Content, with plain attire and cheerful air;
Friendſhip, exalting Joy and ſoothing Care;
With Piety, that waits on wings to riſe,
Her looks for ever lifted to the ſkies,

O come, with all thy mental, moral train,
And in this peaceful, rural kingdom reign!

Heav'n meant immortals for ſublimer things
Than wealth's gay glitter and the pomp of Kings;
For pleaſures, grace, and dignity, denied
To the vain ſons of Folly and of Pride:
Yet frantic Man, rebellious to his will,
His gifts abuſing, turns his good to ill:
Some dear ideal bliſs is ſtill purſued;
But ſtill his Juno proves a painted cloud;
Reaſon, his better Genius, warns in vain;
Paſſion perſuades, and he believes again;
Ardent he runs to ſeize the fairy prize,
'Till fainting in the fruitleſs race he dies.

Smile ye not, Angels? when in ſcorn ye ſcan
The ſerious follies of your mimic Man;
His boaſted reaſon, dupe to ev'ry luſt;
His high ambition grov'ling in the duſt;
A fool with knowledge and with foreſight blind,
Perplex'd between his matter and his mind,
Where great and mean, where mortal and divine,
Heav'n, earth, brute, Angel, in confuſion join;
Like jarring atoms in one Chaos hurl'd,
Which well arrang'd would form a beauteous World.
Ye ſmile to ſee the puny godhead rave;
Great lord of earth, his meaneſt paſſion's ſlave!
Drunk at the banquet, glorious on the throne,
And now an Ammon's, now a Philip's ſon!
Nor ye, *the Great*, like erring mortals, name
Ambition's madmen or the fools of fame;

Nor thoſe court-pageants, ſtarr'd and titled things,
The gilded tools of Miniſters and Kings;
Nor thoſe, the wolves and harpies of their race,
Who riſe by wicked arts to pow'r and place;
But mark, where poor, unnotic'd or unknown,
Neglected Virtue ſmiles at Fortune's frown;
Or bleſt by Fortune in a private ſtate,
By worth ennobled and by goodneſs great;
Bright on whoſe gen'rous breaſt thoſe ſplendors glow
Of ſacred honour, Kings could ne'er beſtow;
The FRIEND OF MAN! who can in life confeſs
No joy worth living, but the joy to bleſs.

THE END.

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LIVERPOOL:

PRINTED BY G. F. HARRIS,

FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND,

LONDON.

1808.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

THE

FOLLOWING PRODUCTIONS OF EARLY YOUTH

ARE

(BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION)

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STANZAS,

ADDRESSED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY VISCOUNTESS KIRKWALL.

WHAT tho' with feeble hand I strike the lyre,
I will not sigh to gain the poet's bays;
Or soar with Genius on the wing of fire,
If gentle bosoms prize my artless lays.

For still, inspir'd by soft affection's glow,
Or true to melting gratitude sincere,
"Warm from the heart," my native measures flow,
Unknown to fame, yet still to friendship dear.

Fair patroness of my untutor'd strain,
Oh! if the numbers please thy feeling breast,
These wild effusions are not pour'd in vain,
My song is honor'd, and my muse is blest.

When early led by nature's charms divine,
My youthful vows to Poesy I paid;
And bending low at fancy's rural shrine,
Of opening buds a fragrant offering made;

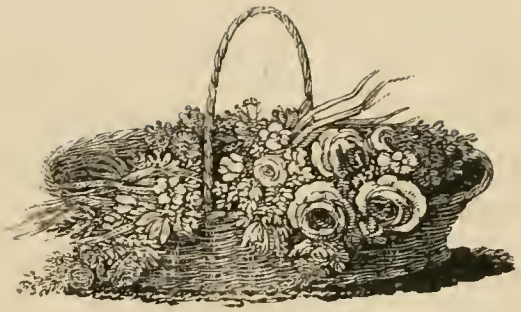
Thy hand with laurel crown'd my infant head,
Thy cheering kindness fann'd my rising flame,
And oh! whate'er the future path I tread,
My grateful heart shall ever love thy name.

May pleasure wing thy lightly fleeting hours,
And health attend thee on thy smiling way!
May hope and joy unite, congenial pow'rs,
To gild thy prospect with propitious ray!

The muse for thee a votive wreath shall twine,
Sweeter than vernal roses bath'd in dews;
For there the flowers of gratitude combine,
Of simple beauty, but of lasting hues.

F. D. B. AGED 13.

Greych, 1st *Oct.* 1807.



POEMS.

ON MY MOTHER's BIRTH-DAY.

GLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.
The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm;
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.
The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

F. D. B. AGED 8.

A PRAYER.

Oh! God, my father and my friend,
Ever thy blessings to me send;
Let me have virtue for my guide,
And wisdom always at my side;
Thus cheerfully thro' life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe;
Contented with the humblest lot,
Happy, tho' in the meanest cot.

F. D. B. aged 9.

ON A ROSE.

How short, sweet flower, have all thy beauties been,
An hour they bloom'd, and now no more are seen:
So human grandeur fades, so dies away;
Beauty and wealth remain but for a day.
But virtue lives for ever in the mind,
In her alone true happiness we find:
The perfume stays, altho' the rose be dead;
So virtue lives, when every grace is fled.

ON HEALTH.

Oh! tell me, Cambrians, tell me true,
Does fair Hygeïa 'bide with you?
" Yes, she with us for ever dwells,
In groves, in shady woods, or dells.
Oh! stranger, turn and stay—for here
She deigns to give her influence dear.
In yonder vale her temple stands;
Her brows entwin'd with roseate bands:
In Cambria's land she ever dwells,
In groves, in shady woods, or dells."

WRITTEN IN NORTH WALES.

Oh! happy regions of delight and joy,
And much-loved scenes of bliss without alloy;
Hail! to your mountains, groves, and woodlands dear,
Hail! to your flowery lawns, and streamlets clear;
Hail! to your lowly cots, and stately parks,
And hail! your meadows green, and soaring larks.
Observe yon verdant fields, and shady bowers,
Wherein I've passed so many happy hours;

See, too, yon rugged hill, upon whose brow
Majestic trees and woods aspiring grow.
There to the right, the vale of Clwyd ends;
Here to the left, huge Penman-mawr extends:
Look to the south, the Cambrian mountains o'er;
Hark! to the north, the ocean's awful roar.
Remark those lowing herds and sportive sheep,
And watchful shepherds too, their flocks who keep.
Behold yon ships, now on the glassy main,
Which spread the sails, their destin'd port to gain.
These lovely prospects, how they cheer my soul,
With what delight and joy I view the whole!
Accept Great God, thanks for these blessings giv'n,
And may my gratitude ascend to heav'n.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

How awful how sublime this view,
Each day presenting something new.
Hark! now the seas majestic roar,
And now the birds their warblings pour;
Now yonder lark's sweet notes resound,
And now an awful stillness reigns around.

F. D. B. AGED 10.

MORNING.

Now rosy morning clad in light,
Dispels the darkling clouds of night,
The sun in gold and purple drest,
Illumines all adown the east;
The sky-lark flies on soaring wings,
And as he mounts to heav'n, thus sings:
" Arise, ye slothful mortals, rise!
See me ascending to the skies:
Ye never taste the joys of dawn,
Ye never roam the dewy lawn,
Ye see not Phœbus rising now,
Tinging with gold the mountain's brow;
Ye ne'er remark the smiling land,
Nor see the early flowers expand.
Then rise ye slothful mortals, rise,
See, I am mounting to the skies."

ON

THE DEATH OF MY DEAR SISTER ELIZA.

INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

If spotless innocence, and truth refin'd,
With every virtue of the feeling mind;
If these can raise to heaven's eternal sphere,
Be comforted—Eliza's surely there.
Oh, hark! I hear the immortal spirit sing:
" I rise above on light ethereal wing;
" Then weep no more; ah! cease those flowing tears,
" No more Eliza death or sickness fears;
" Earth and its fading pleasures far behind,
" In heaven a happy, happy seat I find.

" Mourn not for me—'tis you I mourn for now;
" I soar on high, while you remain below.
" In heaven we all at length shall meet again,
" Where all is happiness, all free from pain.
" Then weep no more; ah! cease those flowing tears;
" No more my spirit death or sickness fears."

PITY;

AN ALLEGORY, VERSIFIED.

In that blest age when never care annoy'd,
Nor mortals' peace by discord was destroy'd,
A happy pair descended from above,
And gods and mortals nam'd them Joy and Love.
Together had they seen each opening day,
Together shar'd each sportive infant play;
In riper years with glowing warmth they lov'd;
Jove saw their passion and his nod approv'd.
Long happy did they live, when cruel fate
From bliss to misery chang'd their envied state.
Mankind grew wicked and the gods severe,
And Jove's dread anger shook the trembling sphere.
To Joy he sent his high behest to fly
On silken pinions to her native sky.

Reluctant she obeys, but Love remains,
By Hope his nurse, led to Arcadia's plains:
When from his starry throne, the mighty Jove
In thunder spoke: "Let Sorrow wed to Love!"
The awful stern command Love trembling hears;
Sorrow was haggard, pale, and worn with tears,
Her hollow eyes and pallid cheeks confest,
That hapless misery "knows not where to rest."
Forc'd to submit, Love's efforts were in vain;
The thunderer's word must ever firm remain.
No nymphs and swains to grace the nuptial day
Approach, no smiling Cupids round them play;
No festal dance was there, no husband's pride,
For Love in sadness met his joyless bride.
One child, one tender girl, to Love she bore,
Who all her father's pensive beauty wore;
So soft her aspect, the Arcadian swains
Had nam'd her Pity—and her name remains.
In early youth for others' woe she felt;
Adversity had taught her how to melt.
Love's myrtle, Sorrow's cypress she combin'd,
And form'd a wreath which round her forehead twin'd.
She oft sat musing in Arcadia's shades,
And play'd her lute to charm the native maids.
A ring-dove flew for safety to her breast;
A robin in her cottage built its nest.

Her mother's steps she follows close; to bind
Those wounds her mother made: divinely kind,
Into each troubled heart she pours her balm,
And brings the mind a transitory calm.
But both are mortal; and when fades the earth,
The nymph shall die, with her who gave her birth;
Then, to elysium Love shall wing his flight,
And he and Joy for ever re-unite.

F. D. B. AGED 11.

ON THE 16TH DECEMBER, BEING AS FINE AS MAY-DAY.

UNLIKE December's frown this gladsome day
Inspires my bosom, and invites my lay.
The sun meridian darting from on high,
Lights the gay scene, and brightens all the sky;
Soft rolls the glassy main; the lightsome breeze
Brings to my heart serenity and ease.
Here calmness reigns; nought but the lowing herds,
The waters falling, and the twittering birds,
Invade the ear; here, in this tranquil scene,
Far from the notice and the noise of men,
Here, could I peaceful live, nor breathe a sigh
For gayer views, and happy could I die.

TO FANCY.

Oh! thou visionary Queen,
I love thy wild and fairy scene,
Bid for me thy landscape glow;
To thee my first effusions flow.
I court the dreams that banish care,
And hail thy palace of the air.
Oh! bless thy youthful poet's hours,
And let me cull thy sweetest flowers.
Ever can thy magic please,
And give to care a transient ease.
View the poor man toiling hard,
Of the joys of life debarr'd,
Thy power his lovely dream will bless,
In thy brightest rainbow dress;
With flattering pleasures round him smile,
In soft enchantment for a while.
Thy dear illusions melt away;
Ye heavenly visions, why decay!
Oh! thou visionary maid,
Form'd to brighten life's dark shade,
Let me soar with thee on high,
To realms of immortality!

Hope, thy sister, airy queen,
Forms with thee her lovely scene.
" Oh! thou visionary maid,"
Lend my soul thy magic aid,
To cheer with rainbows every shade.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER AND HER SON.

Mother.

My son, let virtue animate thy breast;
Fly to the battle—spurn inglorious rest!
Take up the spear and lance—with ardour go,
March proudly forward to repel the foe!
Let all the spirit of thy noble sire,
With rising energy thy soul inspire!
Thy bleeding country calls thee to the fight,
And duty prompts thee to defend the right.
Fly swiftly, Isadas, for glory says,
" Why dost thou waste in peace thy slothful days?"

Son.

I go my mother, for the deathless crown
Which fires the youthful hero to renown!
And if thy soldier shall return to thee,
And bring the laurel-wreath of victory,

Ah! let the tribute of thy praise impart,
The dearest pleasure of my glowing heart.
And should I fall—oh! be my glorious grave
Crown'd with the patriot-honours of the brave.
Think that I died in virtue's sacred cause;
Think that I died to win her bright applause.

Mother.

My noble Isadas, to me what pride,
Wert thou to die—as thy brave father died!
Go, young enthusiast, to the battle go,
Repel with native zeal the daring foe.
Oh! that I were a bird, with thee I'd fly,
And search the ranks among with piercing eye,
For thee my son: thy actions brave I'd mark,
And grave them in my breast.——But hark! oh, hark!
The martial trumpet sounds to war's alarms;
Farewel! my hero, haste thee from my arms.

Son.

Adieu! my mother, if with glory crown'd
Home I return not, scarr'd with many a wound,
I'll bravely fall in battle's rushing tide;
Conquer or die—" as my brave father died!"

THE REIGN OF DECEMBER.

In winter awful, lovely in the spring,
Romantic Cambria hail! to thee I sing.
No longer now I view thy verdant trees,
Thy joyous harvest waving to the breeze;
Thy mountain streams, thy vallies filled with corn,
Thy larks which fly to greet the roseate morn;
Thy summer sun cheering all nature round,
Thy meads with Flora's early primrose crown'd;
The stores Pomona's liberal hand bestows,
And from her lap in rich profusion throws:
Of these no more I sing; those cheerful days
Are fled, and winter claims my pensive lays.
Yet even in winter charms may oft be view'd,
If by the philosophic mind pursu'd:
Yes, even in chilling frost, and blustering wind,
The grandeur of the Almighty Power we find.
Do not the winds aloud his praise declare?
Look at the snowy hills—we view him there!
Whether by cold we're nipp'd, or heat oppress'd,
In either is the Great Supreme confess'd.
But let me now assume the festive song,
And to the lyre let sportive notes belong;
For all th' endearments of the social powers,
Shall bless December's consecrated hours.

Now tho' joyful summer's fled,
Why regret her garlands dead!
For in the winter we can see
The beauties of variety.
And if 'twere summer all the year,
Variety would ne'er appear;
But in the seasons moving round,
If sought for, she is always found;
Then tho' summer's reign is fled,
Mourn not if the flowers be dead;
Tasteless would she ever be,
Wanting sweet variety.
Hail! then, December's pleasing reign,
In the wild enraptur'd strain;
And let the winter sacred be
To mirth and hospitality.

TO HOPE.

Fair enchantress gaily kind,
Sweet the dream inspir'd by thee;
Ever bless thy poet's mind
With thy heavenly energy!
Thine, oh! Hope, the magic art,
To charm the sorrows of the heart;
To chase the fond, the plaintive sigh,
With visions of felicity!

Ah! when real joys are o'er,
And love and peace delight no more,
Then thy melting syren-voice
Bids the pensive mind rejoice.
Ah! thy dreams are too beguiling;
Ah! thy prospect is too smiling.
Welcome still thy dear illusions;
Ever sweet thy wild effusions;
" Fair enchantress, gaily kind,
Ever bless thy poet's mind!"
Thine th' inspiring song of peace,
Soon the plaint of woe shall cease;
Soon again a brighter guest
Calm the mourning soul to rest.
Roses in thy path shall bloom;
Think; oh! think of joys to come!
Come Hope, and all my steps attend,
Oh! ever be my bosom-friend;
To me thy fairest dreams impart,
And whisper comfort to my heart.
Oh! shed thy sweet enchanting ray,
To bless my wild romantic way.
In thy magic scene we view
Gay delusions, seeming true.
" Sweet musician, gaily kind,
Ever bless thy poet's mind!"

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! Friendship, sweetest, exquisite delight,
For fine according spirits form'd alone!
'Tis thine our feeling bosoms to unite,
And youthful hearts thy melting ardours own.

To give the mind its animated glow,
Kindle the languid virtues to a flame,
To bid the genial tear of pity flow,
To raise the "blushes of ingenuous shame,"

These arts, oh! child of sympathy, are thine;
And I will bless thy consecrated power;
Will pour my early offering at thy shrine,
And oft invoke thee in the pensive hour.

Ah! when our brightest prospects fade away,
And Hope shall cease her glowing hues to blend:
Then, when the bright illusive scenes decay,
'Tis then we prove the blessings of a friend.

Diffuse thy influence o'er my youthful mind,
The artless song I dedicate to thee;
What pleasing sorrows oft in thee we find,
Oh! child of tender sensibility.

With thee in pensive pleasure I would melt;
To me thy raptures, thy endearments give:
Oh! ye, who these according joys have felt,
Say, with a generous friend, how sweet to grieve.

Oh! yes, we love our sorrows to impart,
And meet our comfort from a kindred heart;
The elevated soul, by thee refin'd,
Once to thy dear enchanting sway resign'd,
Shall ever pour the genuine vow to thee,
Oh! child of tender sensibility.

THE

RETURN OF THE MARINERS.

When the blythe mariners with glowing hearts,
Guide the proud vessel to their native shore,
Then Hope the animating lay imparts,
And whispers of the rapture yet in store.
Their spreading sails the lingering breezes gain,
The airy streamers waving o'er the main;
That main, which causes many a heart to mourn,
Now softly rolls to favour their return.

Now, with the balmy summer gale they glide;
Ah! soon the seaman hopes to meet his bride.
Now, to the coast enraptur'd they advance,
While o'er the wave the setting sun-beams dance.
Now shouts of joy, impetuous joy, arise,
The cliffs of Albion meet their sparkling eyes;
With ardent cheers they hail the native shore,
"Our toil, our care, our dangers, are no more."
No more from love the mariners will roam,
But dwell with peace and festive mirth at home.
And now they spring exulting from the wave,
To meet the sacred honours of the brave;
Their friends, their loves, they welcome on the strand,
And acclamations greet them as they land.
Ah! then the tears of manly transport flow,
The tears that bid the generous bosom glow.
He who could stand by battle compass'd round,
Stand unconcern'd, nor heed the deathful wound;
He, who could boldly face the cannon's roar,
Now melts in tears, to see his native shore.
Then let my country's lasting honours crown
The brave defenders of her bright renown;
With rapture hail the heroes of the wave,
Or strew her weeping laurels on their grave.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

THE infant muse, Jehovah! would aspire
To swell the adoration of the lyre:
Source of all good, oh! teach my voice to sing,
Thee, from whom nature's genuine beauties spring;
Thee, GOD of truth, omnipotent and wise,
Who saidst to Chaos, "let the earth arise."
Oh! author of the rich luxuriant year,
Love, truth, and mercy, in thy works appear:
Within their orbs the planets dost thou keep,
And even hast limited the mighty deep.
Oh! could I number thy inspiring ways,
And wake the voice of animated praise!
Ah, no! the theme shall swell a cherub's note;
To thee celestial hymns of rapture float.
'Tis not for me, in lowly strains to sing
Thee, GOD of mercy,—heav'n's immortal king.
Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire;
Oh! fill my heart with elevated fire:
With angel-songs an artless voice shall blend,
The grateful offering shall to thee ascend.
Yes! thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er my lyre,
And "fill my beating heart with sacred fire!"
And when to thee my youth, my life, I've giv'n,
Raise me, to join Eliza, blest in heav'n.

TO INDEPENDENCE.

Hail! Independence, source of blessings, hail!
Nurse of the towering thought, the gallant deed;
When blest by thee how sweet the simple vale,
How charms with thee the brook, th' enamell'd mead!
And when the lark, the messenger of day,
Proclaims the roseate morn will soon appear;
With thee what melody inspires the lay,
How soft the carol, how distinct, how clear.
With thee how doubly fair by Cynthia's beam,
The starry lamps resplendent in the sky:
How gently flows the chrystal purling stream,
How radiant Phœbus meets the dazzled eye.
With thee how jocund fleets th' ecstatic hour,
How shine the lucid drops which bend the flower;
How gay the sylvan scene, whene'er we rove,
Waudering with thee, and with the maid we love.

TO THE MOON.

Cyllene rise! yon osier trees,
Waving their branches to the breeze,
Court thee in hollow gentle sighs,
And whisper, " Fair Cyllene rise."

Heaven's canopy is studded bright,
With countless stars, in streams of light;
Yet what avail their beams divine,
If thou fair queen, refuse to shine?

The shepherd's lute with sprightly sound
Awakes the mountain echoes round;
And as the warbling cadence dies,
It murmurs forth, " Cyllene rise."

Down in yon vale the minstrel's hand
Strikes the loud harp to glory's band;
And as the glowing theme's pursu'd,
Feels all his youthful fires renew'd.

And now to thee he tunes the lay,
And courts thy soft and placid ray;
Romantic melody awakes the skies,
To thee he carols, " Fair Cyllene rise."

YOUTH.

Oh! halcyon Youth, delightful hours,
When not a cloud of sorrow lowers;
When every moment wings its flight,
To waft new joy and new delight.
Kind, unsuspecting, and sincere,
Youth knows no pang, no jealous fear;
And sprightly Health, with cherub face,
Enlivens ev'ry opening grace;
And laughing Pleasure hovers near,
And tranquil Peace to youth is dear.
If Sorrow heave the little breast,
There plaintive sorrow cannot rest;
For swiftly flies the transient pain,
And Pleasure re-assumes her reign.
The tale the sons of woe impart,
Vibrates upon the youthful heart;
The soul is open to belief,
And Pity flies to soften grief.
Hope with sweet expressive eye,
Mirth, and gay Felicity,
Fancy in her lively dress,
Pity who delights to bless;
Innocence, and candid Truth,
These and more attend on Youth.

HYMN.

GREAT GOD! at whose "creative word,"
Arising Nature own'd her Lord;
At whose behest, from gloomy night
The earth arose in order bright!
To whom the poet swells the song,
And cherub's loftier notes belong:
To Thee be glory, honour, praise;
Great GOD! who canst depress or raise.

Say all ye learned, all ye wise,
What towering pillars prop the skies?
What massy chain suspends the earth?
'Tis His high power who gave it birth.
'Tis He who sends the grateful shower;
'Tis He who paints the glowing flower.
Let the loud anthem raise the strain,
While echo murmurs it again.

And ye who wander o'er the sheaf-crown'd fields,
Praise Him for all the plenty harvest yields;
Let harp and voice their swelling notes combine,
To praise all nature's GOD, the architect divine

THE EXILE.

Why memory recal the chearful hours,
The tranquil time that never can return;
When gaily wandering in my native bowers,
I once was smiling as the summer morn.

And why recal my early friendships dear,
Why lead my thoughts to fond illusions past:
They claim the plaintive tribute of a tear;
I weep for dreams of joy that fled so fast.

Ah! still will Fancy all the scenes revive,
The favorite scenes that charm'd my youthful breast;
She bids them now in softer colours live,
And paints the cottage of domestic rest.

When pleasure lighted up my sparkling eye,
And on swift pinions flew the social day;
Ah! then I pour'd the simple melody,
To hail the brilliance of the matin ray.

Ah! still retentive only to my woe,
Will memory trace the picture of my cot;
And while in vain the tears of sorrow flow,
I rove in fancy to the sacred spot:

There fragrant woodbines form'd a mantling bower;
And there I planted the luxuriant vine;
There love and friendship bless'd the festive hour,
While every rural happiness was mine.

Ah! thus will "sadly-pleasing" memory dwell
On all the hopes, the fond illusions o'er;
And still with touching power she loves to tell,
Of happy moments to return no more.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

See bending to the gentle gale,
The modest lily of the vale;
Hid in its leaf of tender green,
Mark its soft and simple mien.
Thus sometimes Merit blooms retir'd,
By genius, taste, and fancy fir'd;
And thus 'tis oft the wanderer's lot,
To rove to Merit's peaceful cot,
As I have found the lily sweet,
That blossoms in this wild retreat.

INVOCATION TO THE FAIRIES.

FOR MY SISTER'S GROTTO.

Fays and Fairies haste away!
This is Harriet's holiday:
Bring the lyre, and bring the lute,
Bring the sweetly-breathing flute;
Wreaths of cowslips hither bring,
All the honours of the spring;
Adorn the grot with all that's gay,
Fays and Fairies haste away.

Bring the vine to Bacchus dear,
Bring the purple lilac here,
Festoons of roses, sweetest flower,
The yellow primrose of the bower,
Blue-ey'd violets wet with dew,
Bring the clustering woodbine too.
Bring in baskets made of rush,
The cherry with its ripen'd blush,
The downy peach, so soft so fair,
The luscious grape, the mellow pear:
These to Harriet hither bring,
And sweetly in return she'll sing.
Be the brilliant grotto scene
The palace of the Fairy Queen.
Form the sprightly circling dance,
Fairies here your steps advance;
To the harp's soft dulcet sound,
Let your footsteps lightly bound.
Unveil your forms to mortal eye;
Let Harriet view your revelry.

LIBERTY.

AN ODE.

Where the bold rock majestic towers on high,
Projecting to the sky;
Where the impetuous torrent's rapid course
Dashes with headlong force;
Where scenes less wild less awful meet the eye,
And cultur'd vales and cottages appear;
Where softer tints the mellow landscape dye,
More simply beautiful, more fondly dear;
There sportive Liberty delights to rove,
To rove unseen,
In the dell, or in the grove,
'Midst woodlands green.

And when placid eve advancing,
Faintly shadows all the ground;
Liberty with Hebe dancing,
Wanders through the meads around.

Fair wreaths of brightest flowers she loves to twine,
Moss-rose, and blue-bell wild;
The pink, the hyacinth with these combine,
And azure violet, nature's sweetest child!

When the moon beam silvery streaming,
Pierces through the myrtle shade;
Then her eye with pleasure beaming,
She trips along the sylvan glade.

She loves to sing in accents soft,
When the wood-lark soars aloft;
She loves to wake the sprightly horn,
And swell the joyful note to celebrate the morn!

In the dell, or in the grove,
Liberty delights to rove;
By the ruin'd moss-grown tower,
By the wood-land, or the bower;
On the summit thence to view,
The landscape clad in varied hue.
By the hedge-row on the lawn,
Sporting with the playful fawn;
Where the winding river flows,
And the pensile osier grows,
In the cool impervious grove,
Liberty delights to rove.

HYMN.

Oh! thou Creator, Father, Friend,
Source of all blessings mortals prize,
Let nature's praise to thee ascend,
In swelling chorus to the skies.

Most high, ineffable, supreme,
Celestial, awful, brightest bright;
The cherubim's inspiring theme,
Enrob'd in glory, crown'd with light!

When solemn thunders distant roll,
And when the vivid lightnings dart,
They strike upon th' astonish'd soul,
And speak thy pow'r to ev'ry heart.

TO A BEAUTIFUL VINE AND A ROSE-BUSH.

Thou fair expanding mossy-rose,
Long may thy opening foliage twine
With this luxuriant cluster'd vine;
Which round thee wreathes its tender boughs.

Fair vine, long may thy leaves extend,
While gentle showers refresh thy root;
Long may thy graceful branches bend,
Enrich'd with purpling luscious fruit.

Sweet rose, long may thy flow'rs receive
The lucid tears of morn and eve;
Long mayst thou in profusion spread,
Thy straying buds of brigthest red.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Lovely Hesperus arise,
Why so tardy, glittering star?
See already in the skies,
Cynthia guides her beaming car.
The night is placid, sweet, and clear,
Hesperus, appear, appear.

Deign this festive eve to bless,
Thou, than glowing gems more bright!
Beaming in thy fairest dress,
Shed thy lustre on the night.
Auspicious Hesperus, appear,
In thy radiance, soft and clear.

From the busy world retiring,
Now the pensive eve we hail;
Let thy ray so calm inspiring,
Cheer us in this happy vale:
Hesperus, arise, arise,
Shine amid the azure skies.

Light as gossamer that's borne
Floating on the breath of morn;
Light as fays that haunt the shade,
We lead the dance along the glade:
Hesper with thy light serene,
Gild the merry merry scene.

TO

MY BROTHER AND SISTER, IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN IN LONDON.

Happy soon we'll meet again,
Free from sorrow, care, and pain;
Soon again we'll rise with dawn,
To roam the verdant dewy lawn.
Soon the budding leaves we'll hail,
Or wander through the well-known vale;

Or weave the smiling wreath of flowers,
And sport away the light-wing'd hours.
Soon we'll run the agile race,
Soon, dear play-mates, we'll embrace;
Through the wheat-field or the grove,
We'll hand in hand delighted rove;
Or, beneath some spreading oak,
Ponder the instructive book;
Or view the ships that swiftly glide,
Floating on the peaceful tide:
Or raise again the caroll'd lay;
Or join again in mirthful play;
Or listen to the humming bees,
As their murmurs swell the breeze;
Or seek the primrose where it springs;
Or chase the fly with painted wings:
Or talk amidst the arbour's shade;
Or mark the tender shooting blade;
Or stray beside the babbling stream,
When Luna sheds her placid beam;
Or gaze upon the glassy sea;
Happy, happy, shall we be.

ASTRE DE LA NUIT.

(Par ANNA COXE, agée de douze ans et demi.)

Belle astre de la nuit charmante,
Aimable et clairvoyante ;
Que je t'aime, que je t'adore,
Quand tu disparais avant l'aurore.

Rivale timide de la lune modeste,
Encore plus belle, et plus celeste ;
Brillante avec eclat dans l'air,
Parmi le doux atmosphere.

Continue oh ! belle astre luisante,
De guider mes pas errants ;
Et de soirée en soirée,
Eclairer mes promenades égarées.

TRANSLATION.

Heavenly star of lovely night,
Glittering in the azure sky,
How I love thy halo bright,
When stealing from Aurora's eye.

Rival of Phœbe's placid gleam,
Still more celestial is thy beam;
How brilliant is thy lustre clear,
Amidst the balmy atmosphere.

Continue lucent shining star,
To guide my wandering steps afar;
And still each evening as I stray,
Shed o'er my walk thy silver ray.

F. D. B.

CHANSON.

(WRITTEN IN LONDON.)

QUAND j'etois en Galles, ce pays charmant,
Avec mes oiseaux,
Pres de mes ruisseaux;
Mes ruisseaux si transparens;
Parmis les vallées
Humides de rosée;
De doux eglantiers,
Je fus couronnée:
Oh! que je me trouvois toujours gaie.

F. D. B.

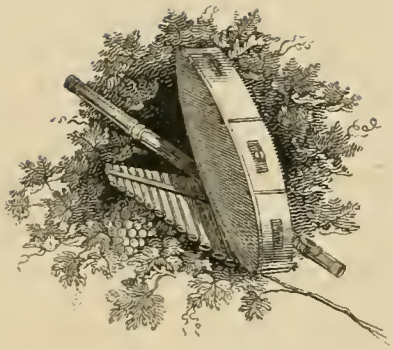
THE APRIL MORN.

Now a smile, and now a frown;
Brightening now, and now cast down;
Now 'tis cheerful, now it lowers;
Yet sunshine in the midst of showers.

Now the sky is calm and clear;
Now the frowning clouds appear:
Evanescent soon they fly;
Calm and clear again the sky.

Such the face which April wears,
Now in smiles, and now in tears;
Like the life we lead below,
Full of joy, and full of woe.

Lovely prospects now arise;
Vanish now before our eyes:
Yet, amid the clouds of grief,
Still a sun-beam sheds relief.
Like the face which April wears,
Now in smiles, and now in tears.



ODE TO MIRTH.

Thou, oh! Mirth, with laughing eye,
  Spread thy empire o'er my soul;
No cares obtrude when thou art by,
  To crown the bright nectareous bowl.

Leave the rich to pomp and splendour;
Happiness they cannot render.
Let the miser heap his hoard;
Mirth shall bless the festive board.
Friendship and the smiling muse
Their influence all around diffuse.

Now the flute with mellow sound
Invites thee to the feast;
The lively hautboy echoes round,
We form the sprightly jest.

O'er the mantling generous wine,
Good humour and delight combine:
Genial Pleasure for a while,
Bids her votaries gaily smile.
Pleasure twines the rosy wreath,
And bids inspiring music breathe,
While we lead the circling dance;
Oh! Mirth, to join the airy maze, advance.

Mirth has heard the festive measure,
We devote the day to pleasure;
Let the miser heap his hoard,
Mirth shall crown the social board.

CEBA.

AN INDIAN LOVE SONG.

Smooth the ocean's glassy breast,
The winds and waves are lull'd to rest;
Zephyr, breathing soft and calm,
Whispers through the grove of palm:

Haste, my Ceba to the bower,
Love demands one social hour;
Here the tamarind waves its head,
And weeping gums their spicy riches shed.

Come listen to the pleasing sound
Of all the dashing falls around;
Of all the birds that sweetly sing,
While the mountain-echoes ring:
To me their carols seem to say,
"Lovely Ceba, haste away."
Here the tamarind waves its head,
And weeping gums their amber riches shed.

Come, repose my lovely maid,
Beneath the arching plaintain's shade;
Hasten Ceba, hasten here,
Fragrant lemons blossom near;
Long lianas, blue and red,
Fringing o'er the rocks are spread;
Here the tamarind waves its head,
And weeping gums their balmy riches shed.
Hasten, hasten, then my love,
To the arbour, to the grove.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

Oh! let me sigh to think this ruin'd pile
Was favour'd once with fortune's radiant smile;
These moss-grown battlements, these ivy'd towers,
Have seen prosperity's uncertain hours;
Their heroes triumph'd in the scenes of war,
While victory follow'd in her trophied car.
Here, where I muse in meditation's arms,
Perhaps the battle raged with loud alarms;
Here glory's crimson banner waving spread,
While laurel crowns entwin'd the victor's head;
And here, perhaps, with many a plaintive tear,
The mourner has bedew'd the soldier's bier.
The scene of conquest pensive fancy draws,
Where thousands fell, enthusiasts in their cause.

Yon turret, moulder'd by the hand of time,
Shaded by silver ash and spreading lime,
Was once, perhaps, the hall of mirth and joy,
Where warriors sought no longer to destroy;
And where, perhaps, the hoary-headed sage,
Would lead them o'er the animating page;
Where history points to glorious ages fled,
And tells the noble actions of the dead.
Still fancy with a magic power recalls
The time, when trophies grac'd the lofty walls:
When with enchanting spells the minstrel's art,
Could soften and inspire the melting heart;
Could raise the glowing elevated flame,
And bid the youthful soldier pant for fame:
While deeds of glory were the themes he sung,
The pleasant harp in wild accordance rung.
Ah! where is now the warrior's ardent fire?
Where now the tuneful spirit of the lyre?
The warrior sleeps; the minstrel's lay is still;
No songs of triumph echo from the hill.
Ah! yet the weeping muse shall love to sigh,
And trace again thy fallen majesty;
And still shall Fancy linger on the theme,
While forms of heroes animate her dream.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

FANCY lend thy magic aid,
Let me draw a heavenly maid.
Bring the azure of the sky,
For the fair one's lovely eye;
Join the rose-bud's damask glow
To the lustre of the snow;
Juno's dignity of mien,
Venus' smile and look serene;
Taste and genius to excel;
All that fabling poets tell
Of the Goddesses divine,
The Graces, or the Sister Nine;
Native elegance refin'd,
Lovely person, lovely mind:
To these add candour, pity, truth,
All that can embellish youth.
Now the finished picture see,
Sportive Fancy's jeu d'esprit.

TO MY BROTHER.

Muse of friendship wake the lyre,
Strike it with unwonted fire;
Now my brother asks the lay,
The pleasing tribute let me pay.
Let the measure softly flow,
To give him all the thanks I owe;
To wish him all my heart would say,
All that's happy, all that's gay.
Cherub health with beaming eye,
Well-deserv'd prosperity,
Joy and honour, fortune, fame,
All that merit e'er can claim;
Inward peace with placid mien,
And domestic joy serene.
May Heaven propitious deign to hear,
This a sister's genuine prayer.

MELANCHOLY.

When autumn shadows tint the waving trees,
When fading foliage flies upon the breeze;
When evening mellows all the glowing scene,
And the mild dew descends in drops of balm;
When the sweet landscape placid and serene,
Inspires the bosom with a pensive calm;
Ah! then I love to linger in the vale,
And hear the bird of eve's romantic tale;
I love the rocky sea-beach to explore,
Where the clear wave flows murmuring to the shore;
To hear the shepherd's plaintive music sound,
While Echo answers from the woods around;
To watch the twilight spread a gentle veil
Of melting shadows o'er the grassy dale,
To view the smile of evening on the sea;
Ah! these are pleasures ever dear to me.
To wander with the melancholy muse,
Where waving trees their pensive shade diffuse.
Then by some secret charm the soften'd mind
Soars high in contemplation unconfin'd,
To melancholy and the muse resign'd.

FAIRY SONG.

ALL my life is joy and pleasure,
Sportive as my tuneful measure;
In the rose's cup I dwell,
Balmy sweets perfume my cell;
My food the crimson luscious cherry,
And the vine's luxurious berry;
The nectar of the dew is mine;
Nectar from the flowers divine.
And when I join the fairy band,
Lightly tripping hand in hand,
By the moonlight's quivering beam,
In concert with the dashing stream;
Then my music leads the dance,
When the gentle fays advance;
And oft my numbers on the green,
Lull to rest the fairy queen.
" All my life is joy and pleasure,
" Sportive as my airy measure."

SHAKSPEARE.

I LOVE to rove o'er history's page,
Recal the hero, and the sage;
Revive the actions of the dead,
And memory of ages fled:
Yet it yields me greater pleasure,
To read the poet's pleasing measure.
Led by Shakspeare, bard inspir'd,
The bosom's energies are fir'd;
We learn to shed the generous tear,
O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier;
To love the merry moonlight scene,
With fairy elves in vallies green;
Or borne on Fancy's heavenly wings,
To listen while sweet Ariel sings.
How sweet the "native wood-notes wild"
Of him, the Muse's favorite child;
Of him whose magic lays impart,
Each various feeling to the heart.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Little fluttering beauteous fly,
With azure wing of softest dye,
Hither fairy wanton hie,
Nor fear to lose thy liberty:
For I would view, thou silly thing,
The colours of thy velvet wing.
Its lovely melting tints outvie
The glories of the summer sky.
Can pencil imitate the hue,
So soft, so delicate a blue?
Well I know thy life is short,
One transient hour of idle sport:
Enjoy that little halcyon hour,
And kiss each fair and fragrant flower;
No more I'll stay thy mazy flight,
For short thy moments of delight.

WISDOM.

All Wisdom's ways are smooth and fair,
No treasures can with hers compare;
More precious than the ruby bright,
She leads to honour and delight.
Seek her, and she is quickly found,
With never-fading olives crown'd.
Riches may fly within an hour,
Pale sickness wither beauty's flower,
Death may our dearest friendships sever,
And rend the social tie for ever;
Ah! what but Wisdom then remains,
To cheer the heart beneath its pains!
To bid each murmuring thought arise,
And soar with rapture to the skies.
She calms the passions of the breast,
With soothing hopes of future rest;
And like a minister of heaven,
She tells us "mortals are forgiven."
Then Ophir's gold to her is nought,
Nor polished silver finely wrought;
Nor all the jewels of the mine,
Compar'd with Wisdom's gem divine.

FLORA TO CLAUDE, ON HIS PLUCKING A ROSE.

Ah! you thoughtless cruel boy,
'Tis all your pleasure to destroy;
Fairer was my blushing rose,
Than any fragrant flower that blows.
Already, lo! it droops and dies,
And all its lovely crimson flies.
'Twas I who breath'd the sweet perfume,
I shed the rich luxuriant bloom;
And when the bud in embryo lay,
I chased the nipping blight away.
'Twas I the silken texture spun:
Now my work is all undone;
And now I mourn my fairest flower,
The glory of my summer bower.

THE DREAM OF JOY.

In life's young morn, with fairy wiles,
Hope cheats the soul, and Fancy smiles;
They lull with flattering dreams of joy,
Ah! why must truth the dreams destroy?

Those halcyon days too soon are past,
The lovely visions will not last;
The golden dream of frolic joy,
Alas! ere long will truth destroy.

The glowing scene by fancy spread,
Gay hope by youthful ardour led,
The flattering dream of frolic joy,
Ah! soon, too soon will truth destroy.

SONG.

Why should we with fancied cares,
  Shade the sun-shine hope bestows;
When, alas! our being bears
  But too many real woes?

Time is cheating, life is fleeting,
  Why then half its bliss destroy!
Friendship blessing, hope caressing,
  Let us quaff the cup of joy.

THE BEE.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER.

Mark how the neat assiduous bee,
Pattern of frugal industry,
Pursues her earnest toil;
All day the pleasing task she plies,
And to her cell at evening hies,
Enrich'd with golden spoil.

She warns us to employ the hours,
In gathering stores from learning's flowers;
For these will ever last:
These mental charms will fill the place
Of every beauty, every grace,
When smiling youth is past.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COTTAGE.

Oh! give me, Heaven, whate'er my lot,
Or in the palace, or the cot,
A noble generous mind;
Exalted in a lowly state,
At fortune's favours not elate,
To all her frowns resign'd.

SONG.

Say, does calm Contentment dwell,
In palace rich, or lowly cell?
Fix'd to no peculiar spot,
Gilded rooms, or simple cot,
She will grace the courtly scene,
Or love to haunt the village green:
Where Virtue dwells, Content must be.
And with her Felicity.

HYMN.

Oh! God of mercy, let my lyre
Speak with energetic fire;
And teach my infant tongue to raise,
The grateful animated lays.
While musing at thy hallow'd shrine,
I listen to thy word divine;
I bless the page of genuine truth;
Oh! may its precepts guide my youth.
To Thee, thou Good Supreme! I bend,
Do thou the humble prayer attend.

F. D. B. aged 12.

SONG OF ZEPHYRUS.

When sportive hours lead on the rosy spring,
Then in the frolic smiling train I come;
And wander with the bee on sylphid wing,
To kiss each floweret in its tender bloom.
And at the fragrant time, the close of day,
Or at the sweet and pensive moonlight hour,
Then in the summer air I love to play,
And sport with Flora in the dewy bower.
Oft o'er the harp of winds with gentle sigh,
I breathe a mellow note, a mournful lay;
And then enraptur'd with the melody,
I list with pleasure till the sounds decay.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

While British hearts with noble ardour glow,
Warm with the genuine spirit of the brave;
Ah! still a grateful tear of joy must flow,
The sacred tribute o'er a hero's grave.

Oh! yes, a sweet enthusiastic tear
Shall tremble in the generous Briton's eye;
And own with melting energy sincere,
A Nelson's worth, a country's liberty,

The mournful muse shall consecrate his name
With all the inspiration of the lyre;
And loyal bosoms kindling at his fame,
Shall glory in the patriotic fire.

And o'er the tomb that holds his sacred dust
Shall glory weave the brightest laurel crown;
While in the noble records of the just,
His name shall live in virtue's fair renown.

HOLIDAY HOURS.

INSCRIBED TO MY BROTHER CLAUDE.

Dear boy, let us think of the pleasures in spring,
When the season is welcom'd with garlands of flowers;
How thy moments will fly with delight on the wing,
How thy fancy will dwell on the holiday hours.
And sweet are those moments the young bosom knows,
Preceding the social endearments of home;
Where maternal affection so tenderly glows,
And invokes the gay holiday pleasures to come.
And oh! my sweet boy, when our years shall expand,
When we wander no more thro' our favorite bowers;
Perhaps we may sigh for the pleasures so bland,
The sportive delights of the holiday hours.

SONNET TO THE MUSE OF PITY.

Oh! mistress of the melancholy song,
I love to bend before thy sacred shrine;
To thee my fondest early vows belong,
For pity's melting tenderness is thine.
Thine is the harp of wild expressive tone,
'Tis thine to touch it with entrancing art;
Till all thy numbers vibrate on the heart,
And sympathy delights thy powers to own.
Oh! sweetest muse of pity and of love,
In artless song thy plaintive lyre I hail;
Be mine to weep with thee o'er sorrow's tale,
And oft thy pleasing visions may I prove.
" Thou mistress of the melancholy song,
" To thee my fondest early vows belong."

THE SONG OF A SERAPH.

" *Hark! they whisper, angels say,*
" *Sister spirit! come away!*" POPE.

Lo! the dream of life is o'er;
Pain the christian's lot no more!
Kindred spirit! rise with me,
Thine the meed of victory.

Now the angel-songs I hear,
Dying softly on the ear;
Spirit, rise! to thee is given,
The light ethereal wing of heaven.

Now no more shall virtue faint,
Happy spirit of the saint;
Thine the halo of the skies,
Thine the seraph's paradise.

SONNET, TO MY MOTHER.

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,
I pour the genuine numbers free from art;
The lays inspir'd by gratitude and truth,
For thou wilt prize th' effusion of the heart.
Oh! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief;
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
With fond endearments to impart relief.
Be mine thy warm affection to repay
With duteous love in thy declining hours;
My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,
Perennial roses to adorn thy way:
Still may thy grateful children round thee smile,
Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

When youthful transport led the hours,
And all my way was bright with flowers,
Ah! then my harp, thy dulcet note,
To songs of joy would lightly float;
To thee I sung in numbers wild,
Of hope and love who gaily smil'd.

And now tho' young delight is o'er,
And golden visions charm no more;
Tho' now my harp, thy mellow tone,
I wake to mournful strains alone;
Ah! yet the pleasing lays impart
A pensive rapture to my heart.

I sung to thee of early pleasures,
In sweet and animated measures;
And I have wept o'er griefs and cares,
And still have lov'd thy magic airs:
To me thy sound recals the hours,
When all my way was bright with flowers.

ON MY MOTHER's BIRTH-DAY.

IN AFFLICTION.

Ah! withering sorrow wilt thou come,
And steal the roses of to-day,
Nor leave one lonely sweet to bloom,
And cheer us in this mournful May.

Oh! yes, one blossom yet shall smile,
And filial childhood shall expand,
Maternal anguish to beguile,
And crown the wish affection plann'd.

Then ah! tho' withering sorrow come,
And steal the early birth-day rose;
Let hope reserve one sweet to bloom,
"Tho' thorns its dewy leaves enclose."

TO E. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

To thee, sweet girl, these lays impart,
The genuine friendship of my heart.
Oh! be this day for ever blest;
I hail it with my gayest measure;
And may thy sympathetic breast
Enjoy affection, love, and pleasure.

And if thy heart should ever mourn,
May friendship soothe the anxious sorrow;
Till hope with lovely smile return,
To promise thee a brighter morrow.

And ah! may health benignly shed
Her blessings o'er thy sister's head;
And nurse the charge with influence bland,
Till on her cheek the rose expand.

TO MY AUNT, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

The muse shall breathe a native lay,
And sweetly consecrate the day;
While Anna by the power of truth
Leads on our emulative youth;
While each young virtue of the heart,
To her a rapture can impart.
The genuine thoughts her soul may prize,
Endear'd by fond affection's ties;
Warm from the bosom's ardent glow,
The wild effusions gaily flow.
" The muse shall breathe a native lay,
" And sweetly consecrate the day:"
While love and friendship's pure delight,
To bless our little band unite.

TO THE MOONLIGHT HOUR.

Sweetest of the pensive hours,
Welcome to our Cambrian bowers;
While the harp with plaintive close,
Bids us love the song of woes;
Or the lute so gaily sweet,
Echoes thro' this wild retreat;
While our hearts with frolic pleasure,
Vibrate to the dulcet measure;
We will bless thy soothing power,
Sweet and pensive moonlight hour.

By the soft expressive sigh
We breathe to mournful melody;
By the poet's melting trance,
And by his visions of romance;
By the lover's trembling tear,
To sorrow and to rapture dear;
Ever be thy shadowy beam
Sacred as the minstrel's theme.
Sweetest of the pensive hours,
Welcome to our Cambrian bowers.

TO MY ELDEST BROTHER,

LIEUTENANT IN THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT;
OR, ROYAL WELCH FUZILEERS.

ON HIS COMPLETING HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

While Hope, the syren fair and gay,
Tells of some future happy day,
Let Pleasure with benignant power,
The empress of the social hour,
Smile on the day to love so dear,
And smile more softly thro' a tear.

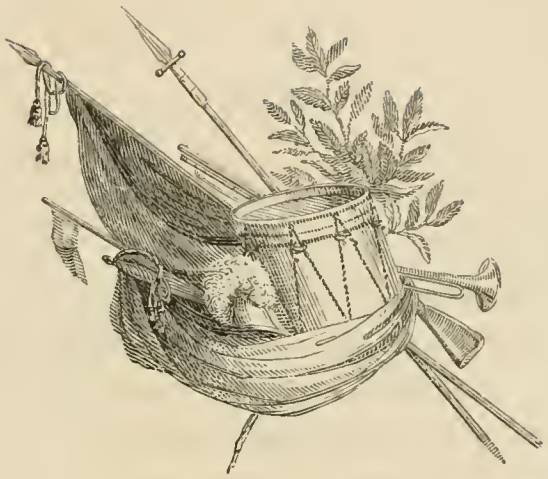
Yet, while on fancy's raptur'd sight,
Beam the sweet visions of delight,
For thee affection fondly sighs,
And fears, and doubtful wishes rise:
Yet lovely Hope again appears,
And lifts the veil of distant years.

" For thee," she sings, " shall fancy bloom,
" And love the path of life illume;
" For thee shall health her roses shed,
" And glory's laurels twine thy head.
" Then joy shall drop a precious tear,
" To hail the gallant fuzileer."

TO PATRIOTISM.

Genius of Britannia's land,
Hither lead thy chosen band:
Honour with the laurel crown,
Valour, panting for renown;
Enterprize, who waves on high
The British flag of victory;
And Fortitude, with awful state,
Who soars above the storm of fate.

Oh! by the spirits of the brave,
The heroes of Trafalgar's wave;
And by our Nelson's sacred name,
And by our Abercromby's fame,
Do thou Britannia's sons inspire
With all thy energy and fire:
Teach them to conquer or to die
With firm unshaken loyalty.
Then may some bard record their praise
In sweet enthusiastic lays;
And hail the patriotic band,
The guardians of their native land;
Whose names shall live in warlike story,
Consigned to everlasting glory.



TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER,

ON HIS ENTERING THE ARMY.

Hail! thou dear thou gallant boy,
Oh! be our hero, be our joy;
May "love and glory" fire thy soul,
Inspir'd by virtue's pure controul;
And then our hearts with joy sincere,
Would bless our noble fuzileer.

Tho' we are now resign'd to grief,
It may be thine to bring relief;
Oh! let us see thy patriot name
Recorded in the lists of fame;
And then our hearts with joy sincere,
Will bless our noble fuzileer.

SONNET.

WHERE nature's grand romantic charms invite
The glowing rapture of the soul refin'd;
In scenes like these the young poetic mind
May court the dreams of fancy with delight;
And dear to those by every muse inspir'd,
The rural landscape, and the prospect fair;
They love in mountain solitudes retir'd,
To own illusions that may banish care.
These gentle visions ever shall remain,
To soothe the poet in his pensive hours;
For him shall Fancy cull Piërian flowers,
And strew her garlands o'er the path of pain:
For him shall Memory shed her pensive ray,
O'er the soft hours of life's enchanting May.

TO AUTUMN.

No more the glowing flowers of spring,
Enrich the sweet romantic dell;
Yet ah! the tints of Autumn bring,
A fading charm, a soft farewell.
Dear Autumn! as thy sober hues
Adorn the scene with shadowy grace;

A mellow beauty they diffuse,
  Which pensive pleasure loves to trace.
And dearer is thy transient calm,
  That wakes the mild and soothing tear,
Than summer air of fragrant balm,
  Than all the treasures of the year.
And sweeter is thy partial ray,
For ah! too soon it melts away.

F. D. B. AGED 13.

SONNET.

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest,
  May hover round the virtuous man's repose;
And oft in visions animate his breast,
  And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.
The ministers of Heaven with pure controul,
  May bid his sorrow and emotion cease;
Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
  And whisper to his bosom hallow'd peace.
Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet relief,
  May charm the bosom of a weeping friend;
Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
  And pensive pleasure with devotion blend;
While oft he fancies music sweetly faint,
The airy lay of some departed saint.

THE PETITION OF THE REDBREAST.

Ah! why did thy rude hand molest
The sacred quiet of my nest?
No more I rise on rapture's wing,
The ditties of my love to sing.
Restore me to the peaceful vale,
To wander with the southern gale;
Restore me to the woodland scene,
Romantic glen, or forest green;
To hail the Heaven's ethereal blue,
To drink the freshness of the dew;
Now, while my artless carols flow,
Let pity in thy bosom glow.
For this, at morn's inspiring hour,
I'll sing in thy luxuriant bow'r:
To thee the breeze of airy sigh
Shall waft my thrilling melody;
Thy soul the cadence wild shall meet,
The song of gratitude is sweet.
And at the pensive close of day,
When landscape-colours fade away,
Ah! then the robin's mellow note,
To thee in dying tone shall float;—

" Now, while my plaintive carols flow,
" Let pity in thy bosom glow;"
And I will consecrate to thee,
The wildest note of liberty.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE.

Pilgrim, view this mossy dell,
View the woodland hermit's cell;
And if thou love the rustic scene.
And love to court the muse serene;
If virtue to thy soul be dear,
And sometimes melancholy's tear;
Oh! thou wilt view the vale around,
As if 'twere consecrated ground.
The pious hermit here retir'd,
With love of solitude inspir'd;
He lov'd the scene of this retreat,
This smiling dell to him was sweet;
And here he sought for hallow'd rest,
To calm the sorrows of his breast;
And resignation with a smile,
His tear of grief would oft beguile;
Would soothe to peace his tranquil age,
In this romantic hermitage.

THE MINSTREL BARD.

Where awful summits rise around,
With wild and straggling flowerets crown'd;
'Tis there the poet loves to sigh,
And touch the harp of melody:
And wake the measure of delight,
Or melt in fairy visions bright:
And sometimes will his soul aspire,
And feel almost etherial fire.
Ah! then the fond enthusiast dreams,
(Enraptur'd with celestial themes,)
That happy spirits round him play,
And animate the magic lay:
Their floating forms his fancy sees,
And hears their music in the breeze.
Then, while the airy numbers die,
He wakes his sweetest harmony;
To imitate the heavenly strain,
Which memory fondly calls again.
To Fancy then he pours his song,
To her his wildest notes belong.
Oh! spirit of the lyre divine,
I deck with flowers thy sacred shrine;
Thus let me ever melt with thee,
In the soft dreams of poesy.

TO THE MUSE.

Goddess of the magic lay,
Ever let me own thy sway;
Thine the sweet enchanting art,
To charm and to correct the heart;
To bid the tear of pity flow,
Sacred to thy tale of woe;
Or raise the lovely smile of pleasure,
With sportive animated measure.

"Oh! Goddess of the magic lay,"
To thee my early vows I pay;
Still let me wander in thy train,
And pour the wild romantic strain.
Be mine to rove by thee inspir'd,
In peaceful vales, and scenes retir'd;
For in thy path, oh! heavenly maid,
The roses smile that never fade.

GENIUS.

Now evening steals upon the glowing scene,
Her colours tremble on the wave serene;
The dews of balm on languid flowers descend,
The mellow tinges of the landscape blend;
Hail! placid eve, thy lingering smiles diffuse
A pensive pleasure to the lonely muse.

I love to wander by the ocean side,
And hear the soothing murmurs of the tide;
To muse upon the poet's fairy-tale,
In fancy wafted to the moonlight vale:
Sometimes I think that Ariel's playful bands
Are lightly hovering o'er "these yellow sands."

'Tis thus that Shakspeare with inspiring song,
Can lead the visionary train along;
Then by his magic spell the scene around,
The "yellow sands" become enchanted ground.

But when the lingering smile of even dies,
And when the mild and silvery moonbeams rise,
Then sweeter is the favourite rustic seat,
Where pensile ash trees form the green retreat,
And mingle with the richer foliage round,
To cast a trembling shadow on the ground;
'Tis there retir'd I pour the artless rhyme,
And court the muses at this tranquil time.

Oh! Genius, lead me to Piërian bowers,
And let me cull a few neglected flowers:
By all the poets, fanciful and wild,
Whose tales my hours of infancy beguil'd,
Oh! let thy spirit animate my lyre,
And all the numbers of my youth inspire.

Perhaps, where now I pour the simple lays,
Thy bards have wak'd the song of other days;
Some Cambrian Ossian may have wander'd near,
While airy music murmur'd in his ear:
Perhaps, even here, beneath the moonlight beam,
He lov'd to ponder some entrancing theme;

And here, while heavenly visions fill'd his eye,
He rais'd the strain of plaintive melody;
This fond idea consecrates the hour,
And more endears the calm secluded bower.

Sweet was the Cambrian harp in ancient time,
When tuneful bards awak'd the song sublime;
And minstrels caroll'd in the banner'd hall,
Where warlike trophies grac'd the lofty wall;
They sang the legends and traditions old,
The deeds of chivalry, and heroes bold.
Oh! Cambria, tho' thy sweetest bards are dead,
And fairies from thy lovely vales are fled;
Still in thy sons the musing mind may trace
The vestige of thy former simple race:
Some pious customs yet preserv'd with care,
Their humble village piety declare;
Ah! still they strew the fairest flowers and weep,
Where buried friends of sacred memory sleep.
The wandering harper, too, in plaintive lays,
Declares the glory of departed days;
And, Cambria, still upon thy fertile plains,
The power of hospitality remains.

Yet shall my muse the pleasing task resign,
Till riper judgement all her songs refine;

But let my sportive lyre resume again
The purpos'd theme, to hail another's strain.
Yes, heavenly Genius, I have heard thee raise
The note of truth, of gratitude, and praise.
'Twas thine with modest indigence to dwell,
And warble sweetly in the lowly cell;
To rove with Bloomfield thro' the woodland shade,
And hail the calm seclusion of the glade:
Beneath the greenwood canopy reclin'd,
'Twas thine to elevate his artless mind.
While in the lovely scene "to him so dear,"
He trac'd the varied beauties of the year;
And fondly loiter'd in the summer bower,
To hail the incense of the morning hour;
Or thro' the rich autumnal landscape rov'd,
And rais'd a grateful hymn for all he lov'd.

Oh! Genius, ever with thy favour'd band
May Piety be seen with aspect bland;
And conscious Honour with an eye serene,
And Independence with exalted mein.
Ah! may'st thou never to Ambition bend,
Nor at the shrine of Luxury attend;
But rather consecrate some tranquil home,
And in the vale of peace and pleasure bloom.
There may'st thou wander from the world retir'd,
And court the dreams by poesy inspir'd;

And sometimes all thy pleasing spells employ,
To bid affliction own a transient joy:
For oft 'tis thine to chase the tear away
With soothing harp and melancholy lay;
And sorrow feels the magic for a while,
And then, with sad expression, learns to smile.
Oh! teach me all the soft bewitching art,
The music that may cheer a wounded heart:
For I would love to bid emotion cease,
With sweetest melodies that whisper peace;
And all the visions of delight restore,
The soften'd memory of hours no more.

Ah! Genius, when thy dulcet measures flow,
Then pleasure animates the cheek of woe;
And sheds a sad and transitory grace,
O'er the pale beauty of the languid face.

But when 'tis thine to feel the pang of grief,
Without one melting friend to bring relief;
Then, who thy pain shall soften and beguile,
What gentle spirit cheer thee with a smile;
And bid thy last departing hopes revive,
And all thy flattering dreams of rapture live?
Oh! turn to Him thy supplicating eye,
The God of peace and tenderest charity;

And He will bless thee with consoling power,
And elevate thy soul in sorrow's hour.
Ah! then a pensive beam of joy shall play,
To cheer thee, weeping Genius, on thy way:
A lovely rainbow then for thee shall rise,
And shed a lustre o'er the cloudy skies.
Tho' all thy fairy prospects are no more,
And tho' the visions of thy youth are o'er;
Yet Sorrow shall assume a softer mein,
Like Melancholy, mournful yet serene:
The placid Muse to thee her flowers shall bring,
And Hope shall "wave her golden hair," and sing;
With magic power dispel the clouds on high,
And raise the veil of bright eternity.

RURAL WALKS.

Oh! may I ever pass my happy hours
In Cambrian vallies and romantic bow'rs;
For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape charms my youthful breast.
And much I love to hail the vernal morn,
When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn:
And sometimes thro' the lonely wood I stray,
To cull the tender rosebuds in my way;

And seek in every wild secluded dell,
The weeping cowslip, and the azure bell;
With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,
To form the gay festoon of varied hue.
And oft I seek the cultivated green,
The fertile meadow, and the village scene;
Where rosy children sport around the cot,
Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.
And there I wander by the cheerful rill,
That murmurs near the osiers and the mill;
To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,
And listen to their pleasing festive lay.
I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
Or in the mountain scenery to rove;
Where summits rise in awful grace around,
With hoary moss and tufted verdure crown'd;
Where cliffs in solemn majesty are pil'd,
"And frown upon the vale" with grandeur wild:
And there I view the mouldering tower sublime,
Array'd in all the blending shades of time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,
The valley, and romantic mountain scene;
The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
The dell retir'd, or willow-shaded lane;
"And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape charms my youthful breast."

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

In scenery sublime and rude,
In wild romantic solitude,
Where awful summits crown'd with snow,
In soft and varied colours glow;
There, in some grassy shelter'd spot,
The Alpine shepherd forms his cot;
And there, beside his peaceful home,
The fairest mountain-flowerets bloom;
There oft his playful children climb
The rock fantastic and sublime,
And cull the mantling shrubs that creep,
And sweetly blossom o'er the steep.
'Tis his to mark the morning ray,
Upon the glittering scenery play;
To watch the purple evening shade,
In sweet and mellow tinges fade;
And hail the sun's departing smile,
That beams upon the hills a while:
And oft, at moonlight hour serene,
He wanders thro' the shadowy scene:
And then his pipe with plaintive sound
Awakes the mountain-echoes round.

How dear to him the shelter'd spot,
The waving pines that shade his cot;
His pastoral music wild and gay,
May charm his simple cares away;
And never will he sigh to roam,
Far from his native mountain-home.

SONNET, TO AGNES.

Ah! could my Agnes rove these favourite shades,
With mirth and friendship in the Cambrian vale,
In mossy dells, or wild romantic glades,
Where flowers uncultur'd scent the sportive gale;
And could she wander at the morning hour,
To hail with me, the blest return of May;
Or linger sweetly in the woodbine bower,
When early dews begem the weeping spray;
Ah! soon her cheek the lovely mantling bloom
Of sprightly youth, and pleasure, would disclose;
Her lip the smile of Hebe would resume,
And wear the blushes of the vernal rose;
And soon would cherub health with lively grace,
Beam in her eye, and animate her face.

CHRISTMAS.

The sunbeams glitter on the mountain snow,
And o'er the summit cast a transient glow;
Now silver frost adorns the drooping bower,
My favourite seat in summer's happy hour.
'Twas there, when spring the mantling blossoms shed,
The sweet liburnum cluster'd o'er my head;
And there the robin form'd a mossy nest,
And gaily caroll'd in retirement blest;
Still memory loves to paint the glowing scene,
When autumn tints enrich'd the foliage green.

Even yet the bower is lovely in decay,
Gilt by the "sunbeam of a winter's day;"
For now the frost befringes every thorn,
And sparkles to the radiant smile of morn:
The lucid ice has bound the mountain rill,
No more it murmurs by the cheerful mill.
I hear the village bells upon the gale;
And merry peasants wander thro' the vale;
In gay convivial bands they rove along,
With genuine pleasure and inspiring song;
I meet the rustic troop, and love to trace
The smile of health in every rosy face.

Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy happy reign,
And all the social virtues in thy train;
The Cambrian harper hails thy festal time,
With sportive melody and artless rhyme:
Unlike the bards who sung in days of old,
And all the legends of tradition told;
In gothic castles deck'd with banners gay,
At solemn festivals they pour'd the lay:
Their poor descendant wanders thro' the vales,
And gains a welcome by his artless tales;
He finds a seat in every humble cot,
And hospitality in every spot;
'Tis now he bids the sprightly harp resound,
To bless the hours with genial plenty crown'd.
And now the gay domestic joys we prove,
The smiles of peace, festivity, and love.
"Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy hallow'd reign,
And all the social virtues in thy train;"
Compassion listening to the tale of grief,
Who seeks the child of sorrow with relief;
And every muse with animating glee,
Congenial mirth and cordial sympathy.

THE WREATH OF SPRING.

I ROV'D in the meadows, the vales, and the bowers,
While the leaves were bespangled with dew;
And I cull'd in profusion the blossoms and flowers,
Excelling in fragrance and hue.

The primrose of spring in the wreath I combin'd,
And the violet modest and pale;
And there the wild roses and myrtles entwin'd,
With the lily which droops in the vale.

The harebell that smiles in the dingle I sought,
Of the softest ethereal blue;
And then to Celinda the garland I brought,
While the buds were all shining in dew.

"Oh! take the sweet flowers in their beauty," I said,
"While yet they are lovely and gay;
"For soon, my Celinda, their bloom will be fled,
"Too early they wither away.

"This lily so gracefully languid and fair,
"Might have faded unseen in the grove;
"Yet the balm of its odour was borne on the air,
"And it weeps in the wreath of my love.

" To you, my Celinda, the rose-bud I bring,
" While its leaves are begemm'd with the dew,
" 'Tis the darling of Flora, the treasure of spring;
" How lovely an emblem of you.

" But oh! when the roses of beauty and youth,
" Like the bloom of the flower shall decay;
" The myrtle of love and perennial truth,
" Shall be smiling and fresh as in May."

SONNET TO A DYING EXOTIC

Ah! lovely faded plant, the blight I mourn,
That withered all thy blossoms fair and gay;
I saw thee blushing to the genial May,
And now thy leaves are drooping and forlorn.
I mark'd thy early beauty with a smile,
And saw with pride the crimson buds expand;
They open'd to the sunbeam for a while,
By all the flattering gales of summer fann'd.
Ah! faded plant, I raise thy languid head,
And moisten every leaf with balmy dew;
But now thy rich luxuriant bloom is fled,
Thy foliage wears a pale autumnal hue;
Too soon thy glowing colours have decay'd,
Like thee the flowers of pleasure smile and fade.

THE VALE OF CLWYD.

INSCRIBED TO MISS FOULKES, OF ERIVIATT.

The lovely vale is Cambria's pride,
Luxuriant garden of the land;
There plenty smiles on every side,
There bright and fertile meads expand.

Array'd in every glowing hue,
How varied all the sylvan view,
With tufted woods, romantic glades,
And spires embosom'd in the shades.

There cultivation decks the scene,
The happy prospect all around;
There pastures bloom for ever green,
The plains with golden sheaves are crown'd.

There cheerful cottages appear,
Beside the river calm and clear;
And fields that wave with bending corn,
The fair extensive vale adorn.

And there the castle still sublime,
With turrets falling fast away,
Remains the monument of time,
The awful emblem of decay.

'Twas near that pile in ages fled,
That warrior's fought, and heroes bled;
While crimson banners wav'd on high,
In all the pomp of victory.

Alas! the lone deserted wall,
A mournful ruin now appears;
Yet still majestic in its fall,
Tho' mouldered by consuming years.

Beside the long-forsaken towers,
O'ergrown with ivy and with flowers,
There at the close of evening gray,
The wandering moralist might stray;

With pensive pleasure there to gaze,
On all the grandeur of the pile;
To meditate on former days,
And muse on fortune's transient smile.

And by those arches long decay'd,
In faded beauty still display'd,
There might the lonely poet hail,
The rural prospect of the vale,

And those by charms of nature fir'd,
May rove amidst this Cambrian scene;
In mossy dells, or groves retir'd,
Beside the lawns of brightest green.

And there by Cynthia's placid beam,
May wander near the winding stream;
To view the fair arcadian vale,
More pleasing in the lustre pale.

Tho' lovely is the dawn of day,
When morning sheds reviving dews;
Yet sweeter is the silver ray,
And dearer to the plaintive muse.

For by the soft and mellow light,
That trembles thro' the clouds of night,
Then all the landscape is array'd,
In pensive grace and blending shade.

The smiling vale is Cambria's pride,
There hospitality remains;
There peace and elegance reside,
And seek the mansions of the plains.

Oh! still may cultivation's hand
Enrich the garden of the land;
May Ceres there her treasures yield,
And ever crown the fertile field.

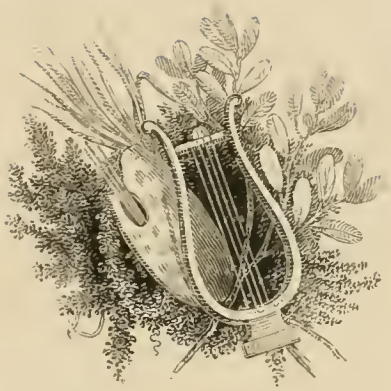
And there may peace for ever reign;
Ne'er may the cheering harvest fail;
May plenty lead her sportive train,
And with profusion bless the vale.

SEA PIECE, BY MOONLIGHT.

How sweet to mark the soften'd ray,
O'er the ocean lightly play;
Now no more the billows rave,
Clear and tranquil is the wave;
While I view the vessel glide,
O'er the calm cerulean tide.

Now might fays, and fairy bands,
Assemble on these "yellow sands;"
For this the hour, as poets tell,
That oft they leave the flowery cell,
And lead the sportive dance along,
While spirits pour the choral song.

The moonbeam sheds a lustre pale,
And trembles on the distant sail;
And now the silvery clouds arise,
To veil the radiance of the skies;
But soon I view the light serene,
Gild again the lovely scene.



LINES TO MAJOR COX,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM AN ELEGANT BOX OF COLOURS.

THO' youthful ardour fires my glowing heart,
To copy Nature with enchanting Art;
Ah! still I fondly strive with effort vain,
The pencil's flowing graces to attain.
But when Instruction guides my roving feet,
To reach the Muse of Painting's lofty seat;
Where Genius learns in magic colours warm,
To join Expression's fire, and Beauty's form;
If *then* 'tis mine with energy to trace
The varied charms of Nature's blooming face;
To dress the mimic flowers in rainbow dyes,
Bright as the blushes of the orient skies;

In glowing hues to bid the landscape live,
Or to the figure animation give;
Oh! *then*, my pencil's tribute justly due,
Sweet Gratitude shall consecrate to you.

SONNET.

Ah! now farewell, thou sweet and gentle maid,
Beside thy simple grave we oft shall mourn;
And plant a willow where thy form is laid,
And then with flowers the weeping tree adorn.
Oft shall we sing thy melancholy tale,
When all the shades of evening steal around;
And oft assemble by the moonlight pale,
To linger near the consecrated ground.
And oh! if spirits e'er on earth descend,
To hover o'er some chosen hallow'd spot;
Around thy tomb shall airy bands attend,
And humble villagers shall weep thy lot.
Ah! fair departed maid, thy placid mind
Was calm in sorrow, and to Heaven resign'd.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS C————.

When first to youth's enchanted eyes
The flattering world discloses;
Oh! then unclouded are the skies,
The lovely scenes of hope arise,
The path is deck'd with roses.

Like summer clouds or April showers,
Our sorrows pass away;
In smiling Fancy's fairy bowers,
We sport the gay delightful hours,
Of life's propitious May.

But ah! how short our festal morn,
How soon our spring is fled;
Those golden days no more return;
The fairest flowers conceal a thorn;
The path of life we tread.

Some wander thro' a rugged way,
Forsaken and opprest;
While others cheer'd by Fortune's ray,
Thro' Pleasure's laughing region stray,
In rainbow colours drest.

The early votaries of the muse,
Too fondly hope to rove,
Thro' blissful meads, where flowers diffuse
Their balmy sweets and glowing hues,
Around the bower of love.

How fair to youth's enchanted eyes,
The flattering world discloses;
But soon the dear illusion flies,
And weeds and pointed thorns arise,
To blend with fragrant roses.

Oh! may the path of life for thee,
Still wear a vernal smile;
May Hope thy sweet companion be,
And Friendship, Love, and Sympathy,
Thy happy hours beguile.

Be thine with airy steps to trace,
Some bright and sunny way;
Oh! still may Health with sportive grace,
And mantling bloom adorn thy face,
And bid thy heart be gay.

THE MORNING WALK.

Come, let us wander thro' the woodland bowers,
Or seek the primrose in the lonely dale;
For now the tears of April gem the flowers,
That shed their balmy incense on the gale.

Beside the margin of the winding stream
The shèpherd leads his sportive flock along;
The woodlark soars to hail the morning beam,
And tunes the music of his matin song.

In dewy meads with flowers and verdure drest,
The blooming children of the cottage play;
With soft compassion spare the downy nest,
And gaily carol as they rove away.

Now fairy spring adorns the lovely scene,
In mossy dells the fragrant violets blow;
And veil'd in opening leaves of tender green,
Uncultur'd roses in profusion glow.

Come, let us hail the vernal smile of morn,
Delightful hour, inspiring to the muse;
The redbreast warbles on the budding thorn,
And every blossom shines in pearly dews.

With mantling woodbine every hedge is crown'd;
In airy grace the sweet liburnums bend;
And o'er the lawns and grassy meads around,
The April showers in genial balm descend.

Etherial spring! I love thy gentle air;
I love thy garlands breathing soft perfume,
Entwin'd with azure bells and lilies fair,
And early roses in luxuriant bloom.

Again I rove the woodland and the glade,
Again the linnet's mellow note I hear;
With artless pleasure wandering in the shade,
To cull the treasures of the infant year.

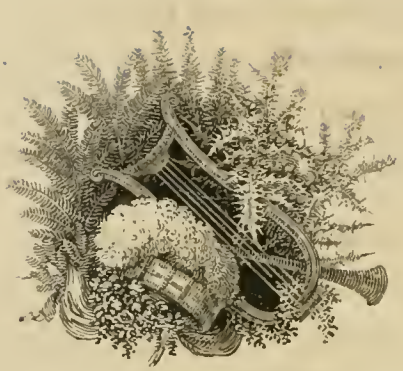
HARVEST HYMN.

Now Autumn strews on every plain
His mellow fruits and fertile grain;
And laughing Plenty crown'd with sheaves,
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
In rich profusion pours around,
Her flowing treasures on the ground.

Oh! mark the great, the liberal hand,
That scatters blessings o'er the land;
And to the God of Nature raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn in vernal hours,
He nurtur'd with his gentle showers,
And bade the summer clouds diffuse
Their balmy store of genial dews.
He mark'd the tender stem arise,
Till ripen'd by the glowing skies;
And now matur'd, his work behold,
The cheering harvest waves in gold.
To nature's God with joy we raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The vallies echo to the strains
Of blooming maids, and village swains;
To Him they tune the lay sincere,
Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
The sounds from every woodland borne,
The sighing winds that bend the corn,
The yellow fields around proclaim
His mighty everlasting name.
To nature's God united raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.



A TRIBUTE

TO THE GENIUS OF ROBERT BURNS.

As in the lone sequester'd grove,
The woodlark on the bending spray,
Attunes to liberty and love
The sportive lay:

'Twas thus in mountain scenes retir'd,
That Scotia's minstrel, nature's child,
Would sing, by ardent genius fir'd,
His carol wild.

In poverty his generous heart,
With freedom and with fancy glow'd;
And native strains untaught by art,
Spontaneous flow'd.

Oh! Burns, to every feeling breast,
To every gentle mind sincere,
By love and tender pity blest,
Thy song is dear.

Sweet bard! 'twas thine to soar on high,
With inspiration and the muse;
To claim from beauty's radiant eye
Compassion's dews;

To raise the smile of social glee,
The patriot's manly heart to fire;
Or wake the tear of sympathy,
With plaintive lyre.

Sweet bard! for thee the muses mourn,
In melting lays they sing thy name;
And twine, to deck thy sacred urn,
The wreath of fame.

THE VERNAL SHOWER.

Now the lucid tears of May
Gem the blossoms of the spray;
Every leaf and bending flower
Glitters in the vernal shower.

Lovely in the clouded sky,
See the rainbow shines on high;
Mark the heavenly colours bright,
Ere they vanish from the sight.

Hark! the warblers gaily sing;
Sweet the melodies of spring;
When the youthful heart at ease,
Bids the native music please.

Fairer now the view around,
Brighter verdure decks the ground;
Flora, smiling in the bower,
Hails the tender vernal shower.

See! again the skies appear,
Clad in blue serenely clear;
Now the sun with placid ray
Gilds the scene, and all is gay.

Cool and fragrant is the gale,
Breathing sweets from yonder vale,
Where the flowers in blooming pride,
Smile upon the fountain side.

Now the linnets in the grove,
Tune the mellow song of love;
Mild and genial is the hour,
Sweet the balmy vernal shower.

EVENING, ON THE SEA SHORE.

Sweet evening hour! thy gale is balm,
And fragrant are thy pearly dews;
Thine is the mild and genial calm,
Belov'd by zephyr and the muse.

With fading smile the rosy day,
Now lingers in the radiant west;
The breezes o'er the water play,
The summer waves are lull'd to rest.

I love to mark the glowing skies,
Reflected in the glassy deep;
To watch the star of evening rise,
When all the ocean seems to sleep.

But see! the twilight mantle gray,
O'er all the fading view is spread;
The glowing skies are pass'd away,
The bright and purple clouds are fled.

While memory loves unseen to mourn,
Alone to shed the sacred tear;
Still to the muse thy blest return,
Oh! pensive twilight, shall be dear.

Now let me pour the soothing lay,
And hear the waves that murmuring glide;
And wander till the moonlight ray,
Serenely trembles on the tide.

Come, gentle Fancy, rove with me,
At this thy favourite shadowy hour;
Awake soft music, from the sea,
And call the fairies by thy power.

SONNET.

I LOVE to hail the mild the balmy hour,
When evening spreads around her twilight veil;
When dews descend on every languid flower,
And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.
Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,
While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play;
To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
To mark the fading smile of closing day.
There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas;
While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,
Of airy music floating on the breeze.
For still when evening sheds the genial dews,
That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

SONG OF A WOOD NYMPH.

In peaceful dells and woodland glades,
In sweet romantic scenes I stray;
And wander thro' the sylvan shades,
Where summer breezes lightly play;
There at fervid noon I lave,
In the calm pellucid wave.

And oft the fairest flowers I bring,
To deck my grotto's mossy seat,
Cull'd from the margin of the spring,
That flows amidst the green retreat;
The violet, and the primrose pale,
That smile uncultur'd in the vale.

Reclin'd beneath some hoary tree,
With tufted moss and ivy drest,
I listen to the humming bee,
Whose plaintive tune invites to rest;
While the fountain calm and clear,
Softly murmurs playing near.

And oft in solitude I rove,
To hear the bird of eve complain;
When seated in the hallow'd grove,
She pours her melancholy strain,
In soothing tones that wake the tear,
To sorrow and to fancy dear.

I love the placid moonlight hour,
The lustre of the shadowy ray;
'Tis then I seek the dewy bower,
And tune the wild expressive lay;
While echo from the woods around,
Prolongs the softly dying sound.

And oft, in some arcadian vale,
I touch my harp of mellow note;
Then sweetly rising on the gale,
I hear celestial music float;
And dulcet measures faintly close,
Till all is silence and repose.

Then fays and fairy elves advance,
To hear the magic of my song;
And mingle in the sportive dance,
And trip with sylphid grace along;
While the pensive ray serene,
Trembles thro' the foliage green.

In peaceful dells and woodland shades,
In wild romantic scenes I stray;
And wander thro' the sylvan glades,
With airy footstep light and gay:
Yet still my favourite lonely spot,
The sweet retirement of the grot.

THE SCENES OF CONWAY.

On the banks of the Conway with rapture I stray'd,
While the sunbeam was bright on the flood;
And charm'd by the prospect around, I survey'd
The water, the hills, and the wood.

When the curtain of evening was spread o'er the scene,
And sweet was the mild summer gale;
I rov'd by the side of the river serene,
And gaz'd on the fisherman's sail.

'Twas thus that I mus'd, while I wander'd away,
Thro' the towers of the castle sublime;
Where the boughs of the ivy conceal the decay,
Which is made by the ravage of time:

Now the sun is departing with lingering smile,
He sinks in the billows to rest;
How soft are the colours which glow on the pile,
How bright are the clouds of the west.

I could fancy that here to the melody sweet,
Of the tabor, the pipe, and the song,
By moonlight the fairies of Oberon meet,
And trip in the dances along.

In these mouldering towers by the mild placid beam
That silvers the high waving trees,
The poet might listen in fanciful dream,
To the sighs of the murmuring breeze.

'Tis mournful to view these deserted old halls,
Where the harp of the minstrel has rung;
Where the banners of chivalry wav'd on the walls,
And the bards at the festival sung.

But the turrets o'ermantl'd with ivy around,
Shall echo to music no more;
No longer the chords of the harp shall resound,
And the carol of gladness is o'er.

These walls have been deck'd with the trophies of state,
This building was noble and proud;
But short is the sunbeam of fortune and fate,
Like the rainbow which shines in a cloud.

'Twas thus that I mus'd while I wander'd away,
Thro' the towers of the castle sublime;
Which still are majestic and frown in decay,
Array'd in the mantle of time.

The woods and the ruins I left with regret,
And bade them with sorrow adieu;
But the scenes of fair Conway I ne'er can forget,
For memory their charms will renew.

LINES, FOR MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

This day let pleasure smile on every face,
And beam in every eye with sprightly grace;
Let artless joy the flowing lay inspire,
And sweet affection consecrate the lyre.

And see! all nature smiles around;
And hark! the "wood notes wild" resound;
In sunny robe the May appears,
The presage fair of golden years.

Let Hope with soft propitious ray,
Our bosoms fondly cheer;
Ne'er may the sunshine of this day
Be clouded with a tear.

LINES, INSCRIBED TO MRS. WYNNE,

ON THE BIRTH OF HER SON AND HEIR.

Oh! let me wake the carol gay,
And strike the lyre of pleasure;
For mirth inspires the genuine lay,
And animates the measure.

Blest was the hour, sweet infant boy,
That gave thee to maternal arms;
Propitious hope and smiling joy,
With rapture view'd thy blooming charms.

For thee, sweet babe, the artless muse,
A simple wreath composes;
And see, a genial tear bedews
Her garland form'd of roses.

And oh! in all thy future days,
May virtue o'er thy breast preside;
Illume thy mind with sacred rays,
And ever be thy heavenly guide.

For thee I breathe an artless prayer,
To Heaven that prayer addressing,
May all thy life be free from care,
Enrich'd with every blessing.

SONG,

THE RETURN OF MAY.

HAIL! fairy queen, adorn'd with flowers,
Attended by the smiling hours,
'Tis thine to dress the rosy bowers
In colours gay;
We love to wander in thy train,
To meet thee on the fertile plain,
To bless thy soft propitious reign,
Oh! lovely May.

'Tis thine to dress the vale anew,
In fairest verdure bright with dew;
And harebells of the mildest blue,
Smile in thy way;
Then let us welcome pleasant spring,
And still the flowery tribute bring,
And still to thee our carol sing,
Oh! lovely May.

Now by the genial zephyr fann'd,
The blossoms of the rose expand;
And rear'd by thee with gentle hand,
Their charms display;
The air is balmy and serene,
And all the sweet luxuriant scene
By thee is clad in tender green.
Oh! lovely May.

THE FAREWELL.

When sad the parting word we hear,
That seems of past delights to tell;
Who then, without a sacred tear,
Can say farewell?

And are we ever doom'd to mourn,
That e'en our joys may lead to pain?
Alas! the rose without a thorn
We seek in vain.

When friends endear'd by absence meet,
Their hours are crown'd with every treasure;
Too soon the happy moments fleet
On wings of pleasure.

But when the parting hour is nigh,
What feeling breast their woes can tell?
With many a prayer and tender sigh
They bid farewell.

Yet Hope may charm their grief away,
And pour her sweet enchanting strain,
That friends belov'd—some future day,
Shall meet again.

Her aid the fair deceiver lends,
To dry the tears which sadly fell;
And calm the sorrow which attends
The last farewell.

PART OF

THE 104TH PSALM, PARAPHRASED.

My fervent soul shall bless the Lord,
And sing Jehovah's name ador'd.
Oh GOD! how great are all thy ways,
Demanding gratitude and praise;
Honour and majesty are thine,
And beams of light around thee shine:
Thy hand extends the arch on high,
The azure curtain of the sky;
The clouds thy regal chariot form;
Thou ridest on the rushing storm;
Amidst the regions of the air,
The winds thy car triumphal bear:
To thee enraptur'd spirits bend,
And angels round thy throne attend;
While lightnings in thy presence beam,
The ministers of power supreme.
At thy behest the earth appear'd,
On firm eternal basis rear'd:
The floods arose at thy command,
And spread their mantle o'er the land:

Thy word rebuk'd the swelling deep;
The waters rush'd from every steep;
The thunders echoed, and they fled,
And sought their peaceful destin'd bed;
Jehovah's power restrain'd their force,
And limited their whelming course:
He bade the lucid fountains flow,
Meandering thro' the vales below;
They fertilize the plains and fields,
And nature all her treasure yields.

Beside their banks with verdure drest,
The woodland songsters form their nest;
Amidst the shade of waving trees,
They pour the sweetest melodies;
The wild spontaneous hymn they raise,
And sing their great Creator's praise.

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